HISTORY
OF
DORASTUS
Prince of *Sicily*,
AND
FAWNIA,
Only Daughter and Heir to
Pandosto King of *Bohemia*.

Pleasant for AGES to shun drowsy Thoughts; Profitable for YOUTH, to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to *Both* a desired Content.

A Pleasant Winter-Evening's Entertainment.

By *R. Green*, Master of Arts in *Cambridge*.

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DORASTUS (in Love-passion) writes these Lines in Praise of his loving and best-beloved FAWNIA.

Ah! were she Pitiful as she is Fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my Hopes greater than my Despair;
Then all the World were Heaven, nothing Woe.
Ah! were her Heart relenting as her Hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a Land
Under the wide Heavens, but yet not such:
Just as she shews, so seems the budding Rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly Flower;
Sovereign of Beauty! like the Spray she grows,
Compass'd she is with Thorns and canker'd Flower:
Yet were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, tho' she grew on Thorn.

Ah! when she Sings, all Musick else be still,
For none must be compared to her Note;
Ne'er breath'd such glee from Philomela's *Bill,*
Nor from the Morning Singer's swelling Throat.
Ah! when she riseth from her blissful Bed,
She comforts all the World, as doth the Sun;
And at her sight the Night's foul Vapours fled
When she is set, the gladsom Day is done:
O glorious Sun! imagine me the West,
Shine in my Arms, and set thou in my Breast.

The

The Pleasant and Delightful

HISTORY

OF

DORASTUS *and* FAWNIA.

AMongst all the Passions wherewith human Minds are perplex'd, there is none that so galleth with restless despite as that infectious Sore of Jealousie; for all other Griefs are either to be appeas'd with sensible Perswasions, to be reliev'd in want, or by tract of time to be worn out, Jealousie only excepted, which is sauced with suspicious Doubts and pinching Mistrust, that whoso seeks by friendly Counsel to raze out this Passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he giveth this Advice to cover his own guiltiness; yea, whoso is pinch'd with this restless Torment, doubteth all, disturbeth himself, is always frozen with Fear, and fired with Suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his Joy, to be the breeder of his Misery: Yea, it is such an heavy Enemy to the happy state of Marrimony, sowing between the married Couples such deadly Seeds of secret Hatred, as Love being once razed out by spightful Distrust, there often issueth bloody Revenge, as this ensuing History manifestly proveth; wherein *Pandosto* (furiously incens'd by a causeless

Jealousie) procur'd the Death of his most loving and loyal Wife, and his own endless Sorrow.

In the Country of *Bohemia* there reign'd a King call'd *Pandosto*, whose Fortune, Success in Wars, and bountiful Courtesie towards his Friends in Peace, made him be greatly fear'd and lov'd of all Men. This *Pandosto* had to Wife a Lady call'd *Bellaria*, by Birth royal, learned by Education, fair by Nature, by Virtue famous; so that it was hard to judge whether her Beauty, Fortune, or Virtue won the greatest Commendation. These two link'd together in perfect Love, led their Lives with such fortunate Content, that their Subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long, but Fortune (willing to encrease their Happiness) sent them a Son, so adorn'd with the Gifts of Nature, as the Perfection of the Child greatly augmented the Love of the Parents, and the Joy of their Commons, insomuch that the *Bohemians*, to shew their inward Joys by outward Actions, made Bonfires and Triumphs throughout all the Kingdom, appointed Justs and Tournies for the honour of their young Prince, whither resorted not only his Nobles, but also divers Kings and Princes which where his Neighbours, willing to shew their Friendship they owed to *Pandosto*, and to win Fame and Glory by their Prowess and Valour. *Pandosto*, whose Mind was fraught with Princely Liberality, entertain'd the Kings, Princes, and Noblemen with such submissive Courtesie and magnifical Bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratifie their good-wills, making a general Feast for all his Subjects, which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the Justs and Tournies were kept, to the great content both of the Lords and Ladies there present. The solemn Triumph

being

being once ended, the Aſſembly taking their leave of *Pandoſto* and *Bellaria*, the young Son (who was call'd *Garinter*) was nurſed up in his Houſe, to the great joy and content of his Parents.

Fortune envious of ſuch happy ſucceſs, willing to ſhew ſome ſign of her Inconſtancy, turned her Wheel, and darkned the bright Sun of Proſperity with the miſty Clouds of Miſhap and Miſery; for it ſo happened, that *Egiſtus* King of *Sicilia*, who in his youth had been brought up with *Pandoſto*, deſirous to ſhew that neither tract of time, or diſtance of place could diminiſh their former friendſhip, provided a Navy of Ships, and ſail'd into *Bohemia*, to viſit his old Friend and Companion, who hearing of his arrival, went himſelf in perſon, and his Wife *Bellaria*, accompanied with a great train of Lords and Ladies, to meet *Egiſtus*; and eſpying him, alighted from his Horſe, embracing him very lovingly, proteſting, that nothing in the World could have hapned more acceptable to him than his coming, wiſhing his Wife to welcome his old Friend and Acquaintance, who (to ſhew how ſhe lik'd him whom her Husband lov'd) entertain'd him with ſuch familiar Courteſie, as *Egiſtus* perceiv'd himſelf to be very welcome. After they had thus ſaluted and embrac'd each other, they mounted again on Horſeback and rode toward the City, deviſing and accounting how being Children, they had paſſed their Youth in friendly Paſtimes, where, by the means of the Citizens, *Egiſtus* was receiv'd with Triumphs and Shows, in ſuch ſort, that he marvel'd how in ſo ſmall a warning they could make ſuch preparation. Paſſing the Streets thus with ſuch rare ſights, they rode on to the Palace, where *Pandoſto* entertain'd *Egiſtus* and his *Sicilians* with ſuch Banqueting and ſumptuous Cheer, ſo royally, as they had all cauſe to commend his

Princely Liberality; yea, the very baſeſt Slave that was known to come from *Sicilia* was us'd with ſo much Courteſie, that *Egiſtus* might eaſily perceive how both he and his were honour'd for his Friend's ſake.

Bellaria (who in her time was the Flower of Courteſie) willing to ſhew how unfeignedly ſhe lov'd her Husband, by his Friend's Entertainment, us'd him likewiſe ſo familiarly, that her Countenance bewray'd how her Heart was affected toward him (oftentimes coming herſelf into his Bed-chamber, to ſee that nothing ſhould be amiſs to diſlike him.) This honeſt familiarity encreas'd daily more and more betwixt them; for, *Bellaria* noting in *Egiſtus* a Princely and bountiful Mind, adorn'd with ſundry excellent Qualities; and *Egiſtus* finding in her a virtuous and courteous Diſpoſition, there grew ſuch a ſecret uniting of their Affections, that the one could not be without the company of the other; inſomuch, that when *Pandoſto* was buſied with urgent Affairs, that he could not be preſent with his Friend *Egiſtus*, *Bellaria* would walk with him into the Garden, and there they two in private, with pleaſant Devices, would paſs away the time to both their contents. This Cuſtom ſtill continuing betwixt them, a certain melancholy Paſſion entring the Mind of *Pandoſto*, drove him into ſundry and doubtful Thoughts.

Firſt, he call'd to Mind the Beauty of his Wife *Bellaria*, the comlineſs and bravery of his Friend *Egiſtus*, thinking that Love was above all Laws, and therefore to be ſtaid with no Law; that it was hard to put Fire and Flax together without burning, that their Pleaſure might breed his ſecret diſpleaſure. He conſider'd with himſelf, that *Egiſtus* was a Man, and muſt needs love; that his Wife was a Woman,

and

and therefore ſubject to love; and that where Fancy forc'd, Friendſhip was of no force. Theſe and ſuch like doubtful Thoughts ſmothering in his Stomach, began at laſt to breed in his Mind a ſecret miſtruſt, which encreaſing his Suſpicion, grew at laſt to a flaming Jealouſie, that ſo tormented him, as he could take no reſt. He then began to meaſure all their Actions, and miſconſtrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not honeſt affection, but for diſordinate fancy; ſo that he began to watch them more narrowly, to ſee if he could get any true or certain Proof to confirm his doubtful Suſpicion. While thus he noted their looks and geſtures, and ſuſpected their Thoughts and Meaning, they two, ſilly Souls, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each other's Company, which drove him into ſuch a frantick Paſſion, that he began to bear a ſecret hate to *Egiſtus*, and a lowring Countenance to *Bellaria*, who marvelling at ſuch unaccuſtom'd Frowns, began to caſt beyond the Moon, and to enter into a thouſand Thoughts which way ſhe ſhould offend her Husband; but finding in her ſelf a clear Conſcience, ceaſed to muſe till ſuch time as ſhe might find opportunity to demand the cauſe of his Dumps. In the mean time *Pandoſto*'s Mind was ſo ſurcharg'd with Jealouſie, that he no longer doubted, but was aſſur'd, as he thought, that his Friend *Egiſtus* entred a wrong Point in Tables, and ſo had play'd him falſe Play. Whereupon deſiring to revenge ſo great an Injury, he thought beſt to diſſemble the Grudge with a fair and friendly Countenance, and ſo, under the ſhape of a Friend, to ſhew him the trick of a foe, deviſed with himſelf a long time how he might put away *Egiſtus*, without ſuſpicion of treacherous Murther, concluded at laſt to poyſon him. Which Opinion

pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination; and the better to bring the matter to pass, he called to him his Cupbearer, to whom in secret he brake the matter, promising him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand Crowns of yearly Revenue. His Cupbearer, either being of a good Conscience, or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody Request, began with great Reason to perswade *Pandosto* from this determinate Mischief, shewing him what an Offence Murther was to the Gods, how much unnatural Actions did more displease the Heavens than Men, and that causeless Cruelty did seldom or never escape without Revenge: He laid before his Face, that *Egistus* was his Friend, a King, and one that was come unto his Kingdom to confirm a League of perpetual Amity betwixt them; that he had, and did shew him a most friendly Countenance; how *Egistus* was not only honour'd of his own People by Obedience, but also lov'd of the *Bohemians* for his Courtesie; and that if he should now without any just or manifest cause, poyson him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his Majesty, and a means to sow a perpetual Enmity between the *Sicilians* and the *Bohemians*, but also his own Subjects would repine at such treacherous Cruelty. These and such like Perswasions of *Franion*, (for so was his Cupbearer call'd) could no whit prevail to dissuade him from his devilish Determination. his fury being fired with rage, as it could not be appeas'd with reason, he began with bitter taunts to take up his Man, and to lay before him two baits, Preferment and Death, saying, that if he would poyson *Egistus*, he would advance him to high Dignities, but if he refus'd to do it of an obstinate Mind, no Torture should be too great to require his Disobedience. *Franion* seeing that to perswade *Pandosto* any

any more, was but to ſtrive againſt the Stream, conſented, as ſoon as opportunity would give him leave, to diſpatch *Egiſtus*; wherewith *Pandoſto* remain'd ſomewhat ſatisfied, hoping now he ſhould be fully reveng'd of ſuch miſtruſted Injuries, intending alſo as ſoon as *Egiſtus* was dead, to give his Wife a Sop of the ſame Sauce, and ſo to be rid of thoſe which were the cauſe of his reſtleſs Sorrow. While thus he liv'd in this hope, *Franion* (being ſecret in his Chamber) began to meditate with himſelf in theſe terms:

"Ah *Franion*! Treaſon is lov'd of many, but the "Traytor is hated of all; unjuſt Offences may for a "time eſcape without Danger, but never without "Revenge. Thou art Servant to a King, and muſt "obey at Command, yet againſt all Law and Con-"ſcience; it is not good to reſiſt a Tyrant with "Arms, nor to pleaſe an unjuſt King with Obedience. "What ſhalt thou do? Folly refuſeth Gold, and "Frenzy Preferment. Wiſdom ſeeketh after Dig-"nity, and Counſel looketh for Gain: *Egiſtus* is a "Stranger to thee, and *Pandoſto* thy Sovereign; thou "haſt little cauſe to reſpect the one, and oughteſt to "have great care to obey the other; think this, *Fra-"nion*, that a Pound of Gold is worth a Tun of "Lead. Great Gifts are little Gods, and Preferment to a mean Man is a Whetſtone to Courage. "There is nothing ſweeter than Promotion, nor "lighter than Report; care not then though moſt "call thee a Traytor, ſo all call thee Rich. Dignity, *Franion*, advanceth thy Poſterity; and evil Report can but hurt thy ſelf. Know this, where "Eagles build, Falcons may prey; where Lions "haunt, Foxes may ſteal. Kings are known to "command, Servants are blameleſs to conſent; fear "not thou then to lift at *Egiſtus*, *Pandoſto* ſhall "bear the burthen; yea, but *Franion*, Conſcience is

"a

" a Worm that ever biteth, but never ceaſeth; that " which is rubbed with the Stone *Galactites* will ne- " ver be hot; Fleſh dipped in the Sea *Ægeum*, will " never be ſweet; the Herb *Trigon*, being once bit " with an Aſp, never groweth; Conſcience once " ſtained with innocent Blood, is always try'd to guilty " Remorſe. Prefer thy Content before Riches, and " a clear Mind before Dignity; ſo being poor, thou " ſhalt not enjoy Diſquiet.

Franion having muttered out theſe, or ſuchlike Words, ſeeing either he muſt die with a clear Mind, or live with a ſpotted Conſcience, was ſo cumbred with divers Cogitations, that he could take no reſt, until at the laſt he determined to break the Matter to *Egiſtus*, but fearing that the King ſhould either ſuſpect or hear of ſuch Matters, he concealed the Device till Opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingring thus in a doubtful Fear, one Evening he went to *Egiſtus*'s Lodging, and deſired to ſpeak with him of certain Affairs that touch'd the King; after all were commanded out of the Chamber, *Franion* made manifeſt the whole Conſpiracy which *Pandoſto* had deviſed againſt him; deſiring *Egiſtus* not to account him a Traytor for bewraying his Maſter's Counſel, but to think that he did it for Conſcience; hoping, that tho' his Maſter, inflamed with Rage, or being incenſed by ſome ſiniſter Reports, or ſlanderous Speeches, had imagin'd ſuch cauſeleſs Miſchief, yet when time ſhould pacify his Anger, and try thoſe Tale-bearers to be but flattering Paraſites, then he would count him a faithful Servant, that with ſure care had kept his Maſter's Credit. *Egiſtus* had not fully heard *Franion* tell forth his Tale, but quaking Fear poſſeſſed all his Limbs, thinking that there was ſome Treaſon wrought, and that *Franion* did but ſhadow his Craft with theſe

falſe

falſe Colours; wherefore he began to wax in Choler, and ſaid, That he doubted not *Pandoſto*, ſith he was his Friend, and there had never been as yet any breach of Amity, he had not ſought to invade his Lands, to conſpire with his Enemies, to diſſwade his Subjects from their Allegiance, but in word and thought he reſted his at all times; he knew not therefore any Cauſe that would make *Pandoſto* to ſeek his Death, but ſuſpected it to be a compacted Knavery of the *Bohemians*, to bring the King and him to odds. *Franion* ſtaying him in the midſt of his talk, told him, That to dally with Princes, was with the Swans to ſing againſt their Death; and, that if the *Bohemians* had intended any ſuch Miſchief, it might have been brought better to paſs, than by revealing the Conſpiracy; therefore his Majeſty did ill to miſconſtrue of his good Meaning, ſith his Intent was to hinder Treaſon, and not to become a Traytor; and to confirm his Promiſe, if it pleaſed his Majeſty to fly into *Sicilia*, for the Safeguard of his Life, he would go with him; and if then he found not ſuch a Practice to be pretended, let his imagin'd Treachery be repaid with moſt monſtrous Torments. *Egiſtus* hearing the ſolemn Proteſtations of *Franion*, began to conſider, that in Love and Kingdoms neither Faith nor Law is to be reſpected; doubting that *Pandoſto* thought by his Death to deſtroy his Men, and with ſpeedy Wars to invade *Sicilia*. Theſe and ſuchlike Doubts throughly weighed, he gave great Thanks to *Franion*, promiſing, if he might with Life return to *Siracuſe*, that he would create him a Duke in *Sicilia*, craving his Counſel how he might eſcape out of the Country. *Franion*, who having ſome ſmall Skill in Navigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and Havens, and knew the danger of the Sea; joyning in Counſel

with

with the Master of *Egistus*'s Navy, rigging all their Ships and setting them afloat, let them lie at Anchor, to be in the more readiness when Time and Wind should serve. Fortune, altho' blind, yet by chance favouring his just Cause, sent them within six Days a good gale of Wind; which *Franion* seeing fit for their purpose, to put *Pandosto* out of Suspicion, the Night before he should sail he went to him, and promised, That the next Day he should put the Device in practice; for he had got such a forcible Poyson as the very smell thereof would procure sudden Death. *Pandosto* was joyful to hear this good News, and thought every hour a day till he might be glutted with this bloody Revenge; but his Suit had but ill Success, for *Egistus* fearing that delay might breed Danger, and willing that the Grass should not be cut from under his Feet, taking Bag and Baggage, by the help of *Franion*, conveyed himself and his Men out of the Postern-gate of the City, so secretly and speedily, that without any Suspicion they got to the Sea-shore; where, with many a bitter Curse taking their leave of *Bohemia*, they went on board; weighing their Anchors, and hoisting Sail, they passed as far as Wind and Sea would permit towards *Sicilia*, *Egistus* being a joyful Man that he had safely passed such treacherous Perils. But as they were quietly floating on the Sea, *Pandosto* and his Citizens were in an Uproar; for seeing that the *Sicilians*, without taking their leave, were fled away by Night, the *Bohemians* feared some Treason, and the King thought that without question his Suspicion was true, seeing the Cupbearer had bewrayed the Sum of his secret Pretence. Whereupon he began to imagin, that *Franion* and his Wife *Bellaria* had conspired with *Egistus*, and that the fervent Affection she bare him was the only means of his secret departure;

parture; insomuch, that incensed with Rage, he commanded that his Wife should be carried away to Prison, until they heard further of his Pleasure. The Guard, unwilling to lay their Hands on such a virtuous Princess, and yet fearing the King's Fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfil their Charge; coming to the Queen's Lodging, they found her playing with her young Son *Garinter*, unto whom with Tears, they did their Message: *Bellaria* astonisht at such a hard Censure, and finding her clear Conscience a sure Advocate to plead in her Cause, went to Prison most willingly, where with Sighs and Tears she passed away the time till she might come to her Trial.

But *Pandosto*, whose Reason was suppressed with Rage, and whose unbridled Folly was incensed with Fury, seeing *Franion* had bewray'd his Secrets, and that *Egistus* might well be railed on, but not revenged, determined to wreak all Wrath on poor *Bellaria*. He therefore caused a general Proclamation to be made throughout all his Realm, that the Queen and *Egistus* had, by the help of *Franion*, not only committed most incestuous Adultery, but also had conspired the King's Death; whereupon the Traytor *Franion* was fled away with *Egistus*, and *Bellaria* was most justly imprisoned. This Proclamation being blazed thro' the Country, altho' the virtuous Disposition of the Queen did half discredit the Contents; the so sudden and speedy Voyage of *Egistus*, and the secret Departure of *Franion*, induced them (the Circumstances throughly considered) to think, that both the Proclamation was true, and the King greatly envied; yet they pitied her case, and were sorrowful that so good a Lady should be crossed with such adverse Fortune. But the King, whose restless Rage would admit no Pity, thought, that altho' he might suf-

sufficiently requite his Wife's Falshood with the bitter Plague of pinching Penury, yet his Mind would never be glutted with Revenge, till he might have a fit Opportunity to repay the Treachery of *Egistus* with a fatal Injury. But a curst Cow hath oftentimes short Horns, and a willing Mind but a weak Arm: For *Pandosto*, although he felt that Revenge was a Spurr to War, and that Envy always preferreth Steel, yet he saw that *Egistus* was not only of great Puissance and Prowess to withstand him, but also had many Kings of his Alliance to aid him, if need should require, for he married the then Emperor's Daughter of *Russia*. These, and the like Considerations, sometimes daunted *Pandosto*'s Courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest Injury with Peace, than hunt after Revenge, Dishonour, and Loss; determining, since *Egistus* had escaped Scotfree, that *Bellaria* should pay for all, at an unreasonable Price.

Remaining thus resolute in his Determination, *Bellaria* continuing still in Prison, and hearing the Contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her Mind was never touch'd with such Affection, nor that *Egistus* had never offered her such Discourtesie, would gladly have come to her Answer, that she might have known both her unjust Accuser, and cleared herself of that guiltless Crime. But *Pandosto* was so inflamed with Rage and infected with Jealousie, as he would not vouchsafe to hear her, nor admit any just Excuse, so that she was fain to make a Vertue of her Need; and with Patience to bear those heavy Injuries. As thus she lay crossed with Calamities (a great Cause to encrease her Grief) she found herself quick with Child, which as soon as she felt stir in her Body she burst forth into bitter Tears, exclaiming against Fortune in these Terms.

"Alas,

"Alas, *Bellaria!* How unfortunate art thou, be-
"cauſe fortunate! Better thou hadſt been born a
"Beggar than a Princeſs, ſo wouldſt thou have bri-
"dled Fortune with Want, where now ſhe ſporteth
"herſelf with thy Plenty. Ah, happy Life! where
"poor Thoughts and mean Deſires live in ſecure
"Content, not fearing Fortune, becauſe too low for
"Fortune. Thou ſeeſt now, *Bellaria*, that Care is
"a Companion to Honour, not to Poverty; that
"high Cedars are cruſhed with Tempeſts, when low
"Shrubs are not touched with the Winds: Precious
"Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed
"Pebbles lie ſafe in the Sand. *Delphos* is ſought to
"by Princes, not Beggars, and Fortune's Altar ſmoaks
"with Kings Preſents, not with poor Mens Gifts.
"Happy are ſuch, *Bellaria*, that curſe Fortune for
"Contempt, not Fear; and may wiſh they were not,
"ſorry they have been: Thou art a Princeſs, *Bella-
"ria*, and yet a Priſoner; born to the one by De-
"ſcent, aſſign'd to the other by Deſpight; accuſed
"without Cauſe, and therefore oughteſt to die with-
"out Care; for Patience is a Shield againſt For-
"tune, and a guiltleſs Mind yieldeth not to Sorrow;
"but Infamy galleth unto Death, and liveth after
"Death. Report is plumed with Time's Feathers,
"and Envy oftentimes ſoundeth Fame's Trumpet;
"they that ſuſpect Adultery ſhall flie in the Air, and
"thy known Virtues ſhall lie hid in the Earth; one
"Mole ſtaineth a whole Face, and what is once
"ſpotted with Infamy, can hardly be worn out with
"Time. Die then *Bellaria! Bellaria* die! for if the
"Gods ſhould ſay, *Thou art guiltleſs*, yet Envy would
"hear the Gods, but never believe the Gods. Oh,
"hapleſs Wretch! becauſe of theſe Terms: Deſpe-
"rate Thoughts are fit for them that fear Shame,
"not for ſuch as hope for Credit; *Pandoſto* hath

"darkned

" darkned thy Fame, but ſhall never diſcredit thy " Virtues; Suſpicion may enter a falſe Action, but " Proof ſhall never put in his Plea. Care not then " for Envy, ſith Report hath Bliſters on her Tongue; " and let Sorrow bite them which offend, not touch " thee that art faultleſs. But, alas poor Soul! how " canſt thou but Sorrow! thou art with Child, and " by him that (inſtead of kind Pity) pincheth thee in " a cold Priſon. And with that, ſuch gaſping Sighs ſtopped her Breath, that ſhe could not utter any more Words, but wringing her Hands, and guſhing forth ſtreams of Tears, ſhe paſſed away the time with bitter Complaints.

The Jaylor pitying thoſe her heavy Paſſions, thinking that if the King knew ſhe were with Child, it would ſomewhat appeaſe his Fury, and releaſe her from Priſon, went in all haſte and certified *Pandoſto* what the effect of *Bellaria*'s Complaint was, who no ſooner heard the Jaylor ſay ſhe was with Child, but, as one poſſeſs'd with a Frenzy, roſe up in a Rage, ſwearing, that ſhe and the Baſtard-brat ſhe went withal ſhould die, if the Gods themſelves ſaid No; thinking ſurely by computation of Time, that *Egiſtus*, and not he, was Father to the Child: This ſuſpicious Thought galled afreſh his half-heal'd Sore, inſomuch as he could take no reſt until he might mitigate his Choler with a cruel Revenge, which happened preſently after.

Bellaria was brought to bed of a fair and beautiful Daughter, which no ſooner *Pandoſto* heard, but he determin'd that *Bellaria* and the young Infant ſhould be burnt with Fire. His Nobles hearing of the King's cruel Sentence, ſought by perſwaſions to divert him from this bloody determination, laying before his Face the Innocency of the Child, and virtuous Diſpoſition of his Wife, how ſhe had continually

lov'd

lov'd and honour'd him so tenderly, that without due proof he could not, nor ought not to impeach her of that Crime; and if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with Mercy, than to punish with Extremity, and more kindly to be commended of Pity, than to discredit her. And as for the Child, if he should punish it for the Mother's Offence, it were to strive against Nature and Justice, and that unnatural Actions do more offend the Gods than Men; for causeless Cruelty against innocent Blood never escap'd without Revenge. These and such-like Reasons could not appease his Rage, but he rested resolute in this, That *Bellaria* being an Adulteress, the Child was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous Brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Nobles were so importunate upon him) he was content to spare the Child's Life, and yet to put a worse Death; for he found out this Device, that seeing (as he thought) it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune: And therefore he caused a little Cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the Babe, and then send her to the Mercies of the Seas, and the Destinies; from this his Peers could in no wise perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his Guard to fetch the Child; who being come to the Prison, and with weeping Tears recounting their Master's Message; *Bellaria* no sooner heard the rigorous Resolution of her mercileſs Husband, but she fell down in a swoon, so that all thought she had been dead, yet at last being come to herself she cried and shrieked out in this wise:

"Alas, sweet unfortunate Babe, scarce born be-
"fore envy'd by Fortune! would the day of thy
"Birth had been the term of my Life; then wouldst
"thou have made an end of Care, and prevented

"thy Father's Rigour. Thy Faults cannot yet de-
"ſerve ſuch hateful Revenge; thy Days are too
"ſhort for ſo ſharp a Doom, but thy untimely Death
"muſt pay thy Mother's Doubts, and her guiltleſs
"Crime muſt be thy ghaſtly Curſe. And ſhalt thou,
"ſweet Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou
"art already ſpighted by Fortune? ſhall the Sea be
"thy Harbour, and the hard Boat thy Cradle? ſhall
"thy tender Mouth, inſtead of ſweet Kiſſes, be nip-
"ped with bitter Storms? ſhalt thou have the whiſt-
"ling Winds for thy Lulla-by, and the ſalt Sea-foam
"inſtead of ſweet Milk? Alas! What Deſtinies would
"aſſign ſuch hard hap! What Father would be ſo
"cruel! Or, what Gods will not revenge ſuch Ri-
"gour! Let me kiſs thy Lips, ſweet Infant, and wet
"thy tender Cheeks with my Tears, and put this
"Chain about thy little Neck, that if Fortune ſave
"thee, it may help to ſuccour thee. Thus, ſince
"thou muſt go to ſurge on the ghaſtful Seas, with a
"ſorrowful Kiſs I bid thee farewel; and I pray the
"Gods thou maiſt farewel. Such, and ſo great
was her Grief, that her Vital Spirits being ſuppreſ-
ſed with Sorrow, ſhe fell down again into a Trance,
having her Senſes ſo ſtopped with Care, that after
ſhe was revived, yet ſhe had loſt her Memory, and
lay for ſome time without moving, as one in a
Trance: The Guard left her in this perplexity, and
carry'd the Child to the King, who quite void of all
Pity, commanded that without delay it ſhould be put
into the Boat, having neither Sail nor Rudder to
guide it; and ſo to be carry'd into the midſt of the
Sea, and there left to the Winds and the Waves, as
the Deſtinies pleaſe to appoint. The very Ship-men
ſeeing the ſweet Countenance of the young Babe,
began to accuſe the King of Rigour, and to pity the
Child's hard Fortune, but fear conſtran'd them to that
which

which their Nature did abhor; ſo that they placed it at one of the ends of the Boat, and with a few green Boughs made a homely Cabin to ſhrowd it as well as they could from Wind and Weather: Having thus trim'd the Boat, they ty'd it to a Ship, and ſo haul'd it to the main Sea, and then cut in ſunder the Cord, which they had no ſooner done but there aroſe a mighty Tempeſt, which toſs'd the little Boat ſo vehemently in the Waves, that the Ship-men thought it could not continue long without ſinking; for the Storm grew ſo great, that with great labour and peril they got to the Shore. But leaving the Child to her *Fortune*, we will return to *Pandoſto*, who not yet glutted with ſufficient Revenge, devis'd which way he might encreaſe his Wife's Calamity; but firſt aſſembling the Nobles and Councellors, he call'd her (for the more reproach) in open Court, where it was objected againſt her, That ſhe had committed Adultery with *Egiſtus*, and conſpir'd with *Franion* to poyſon *Pandoſto* her Husband, but their pretence being partly eſpy'd, they counſel'd him to fly away by night for their better ſafety. *Bellaria* (who ſtanding like a Priſoner at the Bar, and feeling in herſelf a clear Conſcience to withſtand her falſe Accuſers) ſeeing no leſs than Death could pacify her Husband's Wrath, waxed bold, and deſir'd that ſhe might have Law and Juſtice, (for Mercy ſhe neither crav'd nor hoped) and that theſe perjur'd Wretches which had falſly accus'd her before the King, might be brought before her Face to give in Evidence. *Pandoſto* (whoſe Rage and Jealouſie was ſuch as no Reaſon nor Equity could appeaſe) told her, That for her Accuſers, they were of ſuch Credit, as their Words were ſufficient Witneſs; and that the ſudden and ſecret flight of *Egiſtus* and *Franion* confirm'd that which they had confeſſed: And as for her, it was

her part to deny such a monstrous Crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the Fact, since she had passed all Shame in committing the Fault; but her Countenance should stand for no Coin; for as the Bastard she bare was served, so she should with some cruel Death be requited. *Bellaria* no whit dismayed with this rough Reply, told her Husband *Pandosto*, that he spake upon Choler and not Conscience; for her virtuous Life had even been such, as no spot of Suspicion could ever stain it. And if she had ever born a friendly Countenance to *Egistus*, it was in respect he was his Friend, and not for any lustful Affection; therefore if she were condemned without any further Proof, it was Rigour, and not Law. The Noblemen which sate in Judgment said, That *Bellaria* spake Reason, and entreated the King that her Accusers might be openly examined and sworn; if then the Evidence were such as the Jury might find her guilty, (for seeing she was a Princess, she ought to be try'd by the Peers) then let her have such Punishment as the extremity of the Law will assign to such Malefactors. The King presently made answer, That in this case he might and would dispence with the Law; and that the Jury being once pannel'd, they should take his Word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The Noblemen seeing the King in Choler, were all silent; but *Bellaria*, whose Life hung in the Balance, fearing more perpetual Infamy than momentary Death, told the King, if his Fury might stand for a Law, that it were in vain for the Jury to yield their Verdict; and thereupon she fell down upon her Knees, and desir'd the King, that for the love he bare to his young Son *Garinter*, whom she brought into the World, that he would grant her Request, the which was this, That if it would

would pleaſe his Majeſty to ſend ſix of his Noble-men, whom he beſt truſted, to the Iſle of *Delphos*, there to enquire of the Oracle of *Apollo*, whether ſhe had committed Adultery with *Egiſtus*, or conſpir'd to poyſon him with *Erenion*; and if the God *Apollo*, who by his Divine Eſſence knoweth all Secrets, gave anſwer, that ſhe was guilty, ſhe was content to ſuffer Torment, were it never ſo terrible. The Requeſt was ſo reaſonable, that *Pandoſto* for ſhame could not deny it, unleſs he would be counted of all his Subjects more wilful than wiſe. He therefore agreed, that with as good ſpeed as might be there ſhould be certain Ambaſſadors diſpatch'd to the Iſle of *Delphos*, and in the mean time he commanded that his Wife ſhou'd be kept cloſe in Priſon. *Bellaria* having attain'd this Grant, was more careful of her little Baby that floated on the Seas, than ſorrowful for her own miſhap, for of that ſhe doubted, but of herſelf ſhe was aſſur'd, knowing that if *Apollo* ſhould give Sentence according to the thoughts of her Heart, yet the Sentence ſhould go on her ſide, ſuch was the clearneſs of her Mind in this caſe. But *Pandoſto* (whoſe ſuſpicious Heart ſtill remain'd in one Song) choſe out ſix of his Nobility, whom he knew were ſcarce indifferent Men in the Queen's behalf, and providing all things fit for their Journey, ſent them to *Delphos*. They, willing to fulfil the King's Command, and deſirous to ſee the Situation and Cuſtom of the Iſland, diſpatch'd their Affairs with as much ſpeed as might be, and embark'd themſelves for the Voyage, which (the Wind and the Weather ſerving fit for their purpoſe) was ſoon ended, for within three Weeks they arriv'd at *Delphos*, where they were no ſooner ſet on Land, but with great Devotion they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, and there offering Sacrifice unto the God, and Gifts to the Prieſts, as the Cuſtom was,

was, they humbly craved an Answer of their Demands. They had not long kneel'd at the Altar, but *Apollo* with a loud voice said, *Bohemians, what ye find behind the Altar, take and depart.* They forthwith obeyed the Oracle, found a Scroll of Parchment, wherein were written these Words in Letters of Gold:

The ORACLE.

SUspicion is no Proof, Jealousie is an unequal Judge, Bellaria *is chaste,* Egistus *blameless,* Franion *a true Subject,* Pandosto *treacherous, his Babe innocent, and the King shall die without an Heir, if that which is lost be not found.*

As soon as they had taken out this Scroll, the Priest of the God commanded them, that they should not presume to read it before it came to the presence of *Pandosto*, unless they would incurr the displeasure of *Apollo*. The *Bohemian* Lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the Priest, with great reverence departed out of the Temple, and went to their Ships, and as soon as Wind would permit them, sail'd towards *Bohemia*, where in short time they safely arriv'd, and with great Triumph issuing out of their Ships, went to the King's Palace, whom they found in his Chamber, accompanied with other Noblemen. *Pandosto* no sooner saw them, but with a merry Countenance he welcomed them home, asking them what News? They told his Majesty, they had received an Answer of the God, written in a Scroll, but with this Charge, that they should not read the Contents before they came in the presence of the King; and with that they deliver'd him the Parchment; but his Noblemen entreated him, that

sith

ſith therein was contain'd either the ſafety of his Wife's Life and Honeſty, or her perpetual Death and Infamy, that he would have his Nobles and Commons aſſembled in the Judgment-hall, where the Queen (brought in as a Priſoner) ſhould hear the Contents; if ſhe were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all ſhould have cauſe to think his Rigour proceeded of due deſert; if her Grace were found faultleſs, then ſhe ſhould be clear'd before all ſith ſhe had been accuſed openly. This pleaſed the King ſo, that he appointed the day, and aſſembled all the Lords and Commons, and cauſed the Queen to be brought in before the Judgment-Seat, commanded that the Indictment ſhould be read, wherein ſhe was accuſed of Adultery with *Egiſtus*, and of the Conſpiracy with *Franion*: *Bellaria* hearing the Contents, was no whit aſtoniſh'd, but made this chearful Anſwer:

If the Divine Powers are privy to Humane Actions, (as no doubt they are) I hope my Patience will make *Fortune* bluſh, and my unſpotted Life ſhall ſtain ſpightful *Diſcredit*; for although lying *Report* hath ſought to impeach mine Honour, and Suſpicion hath intended to ſpoil my Credit with Infamy, yet where *Virtue* keepeth the Fort, *Report* and *Suſpicion* may aſſail, but never ſack. How I have led my Life before *Egiſtus*'s coming, I appeal (*Pandoſto*) to the Gods, and to thy Conſcience. What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveal. That I lov'd *Egiſtus*, I cannot deny; that I honour'd him, I ſhame not to confeſs. The one I was forced to by his Virtue, to the other for his Dignities. But as touching laſcivious Luſt, I ſay, *Egiſtus* is honeſt, and hope my ſelf to be found without ſpot; for *Franion*, I can neither accuſe nor excuſe him; I was not privy to his departure. And

that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I will now refer my self to the Divine Oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner said, but the King commanded that one of the Dukes should read the Contents of the Scroll, which after his command having heard, they gave a great shout, rejoycing and clapping their Hands, that the Queen was clear of that false Accusation. But the King, whose Conscience was a Witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected Jealousie, was so ashamed of his rash folly, that he entreated his Nobles to perswade *Bellaria* to forgive and forget those Injuries, promising not only to shew himself a loyal and loving Husband, but also to reconcile himself to *Egistus* and *Granion*, revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his Death, if the good Mind of his Cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him, that his young Son *Garinter* was suddenly dead, which News as soon as *Bellaria* heard, surcharged before with extream Joy, and now suppressed with heavy Sorrow, her vital Spirits were stopped, that she fell down presently dead, and never could be revived. This sudden sight so appaled the King's Senses, that he sank from his Seat in a Swoon, so as that he was fain to be carried by his Nobles to his Palace, where he lay for the space of three days without Speech. His Commons were as Men in despair, diversly distressed, that there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all *Bohemia*, their young Prince being dead, their virtuous Queen bereav'd of her Life, and their King and Soveraign in great hazard. This Tragical Discourse of Fortune so daunted them, as they went like Shadows, not Men; yet somewhat

to

to comfort their heavy Hearts, they heard *Pandoſto* was come to himſelf, and he had recovered his Speech, who, as in a fury, bray'd forth theſe bitter Speeches:

O, miſerable *Pandoſto!* What ſurer Witneſs than Conſcience? What Thoughts more ſowre than Suſpicion? what Plague worſe than Jealouſie? Unnatural Actions offend the Gods more than Man, and cauſeleſs Cruelty never eſcapes without Revenge. I have commited ſuch a bloody Fact as repent I may, but recal I cannot. Ah Jealouſie! a Hell to the Mind, and a Horrour to the Conſcience, ſuppreſſing Reaſon, and melting Rage; a worſe Paſſion than Frenzy, a greater Plague than Madneſs. Are the Gods juſt? then let them revenge ſuch bruiſh Cruelty: my innocent Babe I have drown'd in the Seas, my loving Wife I have ſlain with ſlanderous Suſpicion, my truſty Friend I have ſought to betray and yet the Gods are ſlack to plague ſuch Offence. Ah, juſt *Apollo! Pandoſto* is the Man that hath committed the Fault; why ſhould *Garinter* (ſilly Child) abide the Pain? Well! ſith the Gods mean to prolong my Days and encreaſe my Dolor, I will offer my guilty Blood a Sacrifice to thoſe guiltleſs Souls, whoſe Lives are loſt by rigorous Folly: and with that he reached at a Rapier to have murthered himſelf, but his Peers being preſent, ſtayed him from ſuch a bloody Act, perſwading him to think that the Common-wealth conſiſted in his Safety, and that thoſe Sheep could not but periſh that wanted a Shepherd; wiſhing, that if he would not live for himſelf, yet he ſhould have a care of his Subjects; and to put ſuch Fancies out of his Mind, ſith in Sores paſt help Salves do not heal, but hurt; and in things paſt Cure, Care is a Corroſive. With theſe and ſuchlike Perſwaſions the King was overcome, and began ſomewhat to quiet his Mind; ſo

that

that as soon as he could go abroad, he caused his Wife to be imbalmed, and wrapt in Lead with her young Son *Garinter*, erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre wherein he entombed them both, making such solemn Obsequies at her Funeral, as all *Bohemia* might well perceive he did greatly repent him of his past Folly; causing this Epitaph to be engraven on her Tomb in Letters of Gold:

The Epitaph.

HEre lies entomb'd Bellaria *fair,*
Falsly accus'd to be Unchast:
Clear'd by Apollo's *Sacred Doom,*
Yet slain by Jealousie at last.
Whatev'r thou be that passest by,
Curse him that cau.'d this Queen to dye.

This Epitaph being engraven, *Pandosto* would once a Day repair to the Tomb, and there with watry Plants bewail his Misfortune; coveting no other Company but Sorrow, and no other Harmony but Repentance.

But leaving him to his dolorous Passions, at last let us come to shew the Tragical Discourse of the young Infant, who being tossed with Wind and Waves, floated two Days without succour, ready at every Puff to be drowned in the Sea; till at the last, the Tempest ceased, and the little Boat was driven with the Tide unto the Coast of *Sicilia*, where, sticking upon the Sands, it rested. Fortune minded to be wanton (willing to shew that she has Wrinkles on her Brows, as she hath Dimples in her Cheeks) thought, after so many sowre Looks, to send a feigned Smile; and after a puffing Storm, to bring a pretty Calm, she began thus to dally: It fortuned a poor iner-

mercenary Shepherd that dwelled in *Sicilia*, who got his living by other Mens Flocks, miſſed one of his Sheep, and thinking it had been ſtray'd into the Covert that was hard by, ſought very diligently to find that which he could not ſee, fearing either that the Wolves or Eagles had undone him (for he was poor, as a Sheep was half his Subſtance) wandred down towards the Sea-clifts, to ſee if perchance the Sheep was browzing on the Sea-ivy, whereupon they do gently feed. But not finding it there, as he was ready to return to his Flock, he heard a Child cry; but knowing there was no Houſe near, he thought he had miſtaken the ſound, and that it was the bleating of Sheep, wherefore looking more narrowly, as he caſt his Eyes to the Sea, he eſpied a little Boat, from whence (as he attentively liſtned) he might hear a Cry to come. Standing a good while in amaze, at laſt he went to the Shore, and wading to the Boat, as he looked in he ſaw a little Babe lying all alone, ready to die with Hunger and Cold, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet richly embroidered with Gold, and having a Chain about her Neck. The Shepherd, who had never before ſeen ſo fair a Babe, nor ſo rich Jewels, thought aſſuredly that it was ſome little God, and began with great Devotion to knock on his Breaſt. The Babe who writhed with her Head to ſeek for the Pap, began again to cry afreſh, whereby the poor Man knew that it was a Child, which by ſome ſiniſter means was driven thither by diſtreſs of Weather; marvelling that ſuch a ſilly Infant, which by the Mantle and Chain could not but be born of noble Parentage, ſhould be ſo hardly croſſed with deadly Miſhap. The poor Shepherd perplexed thus with divers Thoughts, took pity of the Child, and determined with himſelf to carry it to the King, that there

there it might be brought up according to the Worthiness of the Birth, for his Ability could not afford to foster it, though his Mind was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Child in his Arms, he folded the Mantle together, the better to defend it from the Cold, there fell down at his Feet a very fair and rich Purse, wherein he found a great Sum of Gold, which sight so revived the Shepherd's Spirits, as he was greatly ravished with Joy, and daunted with Fear; joyful to see such a Sum in his Power, fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further Danger: Necessity willt him at the least to retain the Gold, tho' he would not keep the Child; the simplicity of his Conscience frighted him from such a deceitful Bribery. Thus was he poor Man perplexed with a doubtful Dilemma, until at last the Covetousness of the Coin overcame him; for what will not the greedy Desire of Gold cause a Man to do? So that he was resolved in himself to foster the Child; and with the Sum to relieve his Want: Resting thus resolved in this Point, he left seeking the Sheep, and as covertly and as secretly as he could, went a By-way home to his House, lest any of his Neighbours should perceive his Carriage. As soon as he was come home, entring in at the Door, the Child began to cry, which his Wife hearing, and perceiving her Husband with a young Babe in his Arms, began to be somewhat jealous; yet marvelled her Husband should be so wanton abroad, sith he was so quiet at home: But as Women are naturally given to believe the worst, so his Wife, thinking it was some Bastard, began to crow against the good Man, and taking up a Cudgel (for the most Master went Breechless) swore solemnly that she would make Clubs Trump, if he brought any Bastard-brat within her Door:

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The good Man seeing his Wife in her Majesty, with her Mace in her Hand, thought it was time to bow, for fear of Blows, and desired her to be quiet, for there was no such matter; but if she would hold her peace, they were made for ever; and thereupon he presently told her the whole matter, how he had found the Child in a little Boat, without any succour, wrapped up in that costly Mantle, and having the rich Chain about her Neck; but at last when he shewed her the Purse full of Gold, she began to simper somewhat sweetly, and taking her Husband about his Neck, kissed him after her homely fashion, saying, That she hoped God had seen their Want, and now meant to relieve their Poverty; and seeing they could get no Children, had sent them this little Babe to be their Heir. Take heed in any case (said the Shepherd) that you be secret, and not blab it out when you meet with your Gossips, for if you do, we are like not only to lose the Gold and Jewels, but other Goods, and perhaps our Lives. Tush! (quoth his Wife) Profit is a good Hatch before the Door; fear not, I have divers other things to talk of than this; but I pray you let us lay up the Money surely, and the Jewels, left by any mishap it be espy'd. After that they had set all things in order, the Shepherd went to his Sheep, with a merry Note, and the good Wife learned to sing Lulla-by at home, with her young Babe wrapped in a homely Blanket instead of a rich and costly Mantle, nourishing it so cleanly and carefully, as it began to be a jolly Girl; insomuch that they began to be very fond of it; and as it waxed in Age, so it encreased in Beauty: The Shepherd every Night at his coming home would sing and dance it upon his Knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak, and call him Dad, and her Mam. At last, when it grew to riper Years,

that

that it was about seven, the Shepherd left keeping of other Men's Sheep, and with the Money he found in the Purse he bought him the Lease of a pretty Farm, and got a small Flock of Sheep; and when *Fawnia* (for so they named the Child) came to the Age of ten, he set her to keep Sheep, and she with such diligence performed her Charge, as the Sheep prospered finely under her hand. *Fawnia* thought *Porrus* had been her Father, and *Mopsa* her Mother, (so was the Shepherd and his Wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such Reverence, as all the Neighbours praised the dutiful Obedience of the Child. *Porrus* grew in a short time a Man of Wealth and Credit; for Fortune so favoured him in having no Charge but *Fawnia*, that he began to purchase Land; intending, after his Death, to give it to his Daughter; so that divers rich Farmers Sons came as Wooers to his House; for *Fawnia* was something cleanly attired, being of such singular Beauty and excellent Wit, that whosoever saw her would have thought she had been some heavenly Nymph, and not a mortal Creature; insomuch, that when she came to the Age of fifteen, she so encreased with exquisite Perfection both of Body and Mind, as her natural Disposition did bewray that she was born of some high Parentage. But the People thinking she was the Daughter of a Shepherd, *Porrus* rested only amazed at her Beauty and Wit. Yea, she won such Favour and Commendation in every Man's Eye, as her Beauty was not only praised in her Country, but also spoken of in the Court. Yet such was her submissive Modesty, that altho' her Praise daily encreased, her Mind was no whit puffed up with Pride, but humbled herself as became a Country Maid, and the Daughter of a poor Shepherd. Every day she went forth with her Sheep to

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the Field, keeping them with such Care and Diligence as all Men saw she was very painful. She defended her Face from the heat of the Sun with no other Veil, but with a Garland made of Boughs and Flowers, which Attire became her so well, that she seemed to be the Goddess *Flora* herself for Beauty. Fortune, who all this while had shewed a friendly Face, began now to turn her Back, and to shew a lowring Countenance; intending as she had given *Fawnia* a slender Cheek, so she would give her a harder Mate. To bring which to pass, she laid her Train out this wise: *Egistus* had but one only Son called *Doraſtus*, about the Age of twenty; a Prince so decked and adorned with the Gifts of Nature, so fraught with Beauty and vertuous Qualities, as not only his Father joyed to have so good a Son, but his Commons rejoyced that God had sent them so noble a Prince to succeed in the Kingdom. *Egistus* placing all his Joy in the Perfection of his Son (seeing that he was now marriageable) sent Ambassadors to the King of *Denmark*, to entreat a Marriage between him and his Daughter; who willingly consenting, made answer, That the next Spring, if it pleased *Egistus* with his Son to come into *Denmark*, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable Conditions. *Egistus* being satisfied with this friendly Answer, thought convenient in the mean time to break it to his Son. Finding therefore on a day a fit opportunity, he spake unto him in these fatherly Terms:

"*Doraſtus*, thy Youth warneth me to prevent the "Worst, and mine Age to provide the Best. Op- "portunies neglected are signs of Folly. Actions "measured by time are seldom bitten with Repen- "tance. Thou art Young, and I Old; Age hath "taught — that which thy Youth cannot conceive.

"I there-

" I therefore will adviſe thee as a Father, hoping " thou wilt obey as a Child: Thou ſeeſt my white " Hairs are Bloſſoms for the Grave, and thy freſh " Colour's Fruit for Time and Fortune; ſo that it " behoveth me to think how to dye, and for thee " to care how to live. My Crown I muſt leave by " Death, and thou enjoy my Kingdom by Succeſ- " ſion. Wherein, I hope, thy Virtue and Proweſs " ſhall be ſuch, as tho' my Subjects want my Perſon, " yet ſhall ſee in thee my Perfection. That nothing " may fail either to ſatisfie thy Mind, or encreaſe thy " Dignities, the only Care I have, is to ſee thee well " married before I die and thou become old.

Doraſtus (who from his Infancy delighted rather to die with *Mars* in the Field, than to dally with *Venus* in the Chamber) fearing to diſpleaſe his Father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverend Anſwer:

" Sir, There is no greater Bond than Duty, nor " no ſtricter Law than Nature: Diſobedience in " Youth is often gaul'd with Deſpight in Age. The " Command of a Father ought to be a Conſtraint to " the Child: So Parents Wills are ſo much Laws " that they paſs all Laws. May it pleaſe your Grace, " therefore, to appoint whom I ſhall love, rather than " by Denial I ſhould be impeached of Diſobedience; " I reſt content to love, though it be the only thing " I hate.

Egiſtus hearing his Son to flie ſo far beyond the Mark, began to be ſomewhat cholerick, and therefore made him this Anſwer:

" What, *Doraſtus*, canſt thou not love? Cometh " this Cynical Paſſion of proud Deſire, or peeviſh " Frowardneſs? What doſt thou think thy ſelf too " good for All, or None good enough for thee? I " tell thee, *Doraſtus*, there is nothing ſweeter than

" Youth, nor ſwifter decreaſing, but not recalled. If
" thou marry in Age, thy Wife's freſh Colour will
" breed in thee dead Thoughts and Suſpicion; and
" thy white Hairs her Loathſomneſs and Sorrow.
" For *Venus*'s Affections are not fed with Kingdoms
" or Treaſures, but with youthful Conceits and ſweet
" Amours: *Vulcan* was allotted to ſhake the Tree,
" but *Mars* allowed to reap the Fruit. Yield, *Do-*
" *raſtus*, to thy Father's Perſwaſions, which may pre-
" vent thy Perils: I have choſen thee a Wife, fair by
" Nature, Royal by Birth, by Virtue famous, Lear-
" ned by Education, and Rich by Poſſeſſions: So
" that it is hard to judge, whether her Bounty or
" Fortune, her Beauty or Virtue, be of greater Force;
" I mean, *Doraſtus*, *Euphania*, Daughter and Heir
" to the King of *Denmark*.

Egiſtus pauſing here a while, looking when his Son ſhould make him anſwer, and ſeeing that he ſtood ſtill as one in a Trance, he took him up thus ſharply;

" Well, *Doraſtus*, take heed, the Tree *Alypta* waſt-
" eth not with Fire, but withereth with Dew; that
" which Love nouriſheth not, periſheth with Hate.
" If thou like *Euphania*, thou breedeſt my Content,
" and in loving her, thou ſhalt have my Love; other-
" wiſe, thou ſhalt always be a Cauſe of very much
" Diſcontent unto me.

And with that he flung from his Son in a Rage, leaving him a ſorrowful Man, in that he had by Denial diſpleaſed his Father, and half angry with himſelf, that he could not yield to that Paſſion, whereto both Reaſon and his Father perſwaded him. But ſee how Fortune is plumed with Time's Feathers, and how ſhe can miniſter ſtrange Cauſes to breed ſtrange Effects.

It hapned not long after this, that there was a Meeting of all the Shepherds Daughters in *Sicilia*,

whither *Fawnia* was alſo bidden as the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt, who having attired herſelf in her beſt Garments, went among the reſt of her Companions to the merry Meeting; there ſpending the Day in ſuch homely Paſtimes as Shepherds uſe. As the Evening drew on, and their Sport ceaſed, each taking their leave of each other, *Fawnia* deſiring one of her Companions to bear her Company, went home to the Flock to ſee if they were folded. And as they returned, it fortuned that *Doraſtus* (who all that Day had been a Hawking and killing ſtore of Game) encountred by the way theſe two Maids, fearing that with *Acteon* he had ſeen *Diana*; for he thought ſuch exquiſite Perfection could not be found in any mortal Creature.

As thus he ſtood in Amaze, one of his Pages told him, that the Maid with the Garland on her Head was *Fawnia*, that fair Shepherdeſs, whoſe Beauty was ſo much talked of in the Court. *Doraſtus*, deſirous to ſee if Nature had adorn'd her Mind with inward Qualities, as ſhe had decked her Body with outward Shape, began to queſtion with her whoſe Daughter ſhe was, of what Age, and how ſhe had been trained up? Who anſwered him with ſuch modeſt Reverence, and Sharpneſs of Wit, that *Doraſtus* thought her outward Beauty was but a Counterfeit to darken her inward Qualities, Wondring how ſuch Courtly Behaviour could be found in ſo ſimple a Cottage, and curſing Fortune, that had ſhadowed Wit and Beauty with ſuch hard Uſage. As thus he held her a long time in chat, Beauty ſeeing him at a ſtand, thought not to loſe the Vantage; but ſtruck him ſo deeply with an invenom'd Shaft, as he wholly loſt his Liberty, and became a Slave to Love, who before contemned Love, glad to gaze upon a poor Shepherdeſs, who before refuſed the

Offer

Offer of a rich Princeſs. For the Perfection of *Fawnia* had ſo filled his Fancy, as he felt his Mind greatly changed, and his Affections altered, curſing Love that he had wrought ſuch a Change, and blaming the Baſeneſs of his Mind that would make ſuch a Choice. But thinking theſe were but paſſionate Toys that might be thruſt out at pleaſure, to avoid the Syren that enchanted him, he ſpurs his Horſe, and bid his fair Shepherdeſs farewel.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the Princely Geſture of *Doraſtus*) ſeeing his Face ſo well featured, and each Limb ſo perfectly framed, began greatly to praiſe his Perfection; commending him ſo long, till ſhe found herſelf faulty, and perceiving if ſhe waded but a little further, ſhe might ſlip over the Shoes; She therefore ſeeking to quench that Fire which never was put out, went home, and feigned herſelf not well at eaſe, got her to Bed, where caſting a thouſand Thoughts in her Head, ſhe could take no reſt; for if ſhe awaked, ſhe began to call in Mind his Beauty; and thinking to beguile ſuch Thoughts with ſleep, ſhe then dreamed of his Perfection. Peſtered with theſe unacquainted Paſſions, ſhe paſſed the Night as well as ſhe could in ſhort ſlumbers.

Doraſtus, who all this while rode with a Flea in his Ear, could not by any means forget the ſweet Favour of *Fawnia*, but being ſo overcome with her Wit and Beauty, as he could take no reſt, he felt Fancy to give the aſſault, and his wounded Mind ready to yield as vanquiſhed; yet he began with divers Conſiderations to ſuppreſs his Frantick Affection, calling to mind, that *Fawnia* was but a Shepherdeſs, one not worthy to be beloved of ſuch a Potentate; thinking what diſcredit it were to him, and what

it would be to his Father; blaming Fortune, and accusing his own Folly, that he should be so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a Country Girl. And as thus he was raging against himself, Love (fearing if she dallied long to lose her Champion) stept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh Wound, as it pierced him to the Heart, that he was fain to yield, maugre his Force, and to forsake the Company, and get him to his Chamber, where being solemnly set, he burst into these passionate Terms:

"Ah *Dorastus!* art thou alone? No, not alone, "while thou art tired with this unacquainted Pas"sion. Yield to Fancy thou canst not, by thy Fa"ther's Counsel; but in a Frenzy thou art by just "Destiny. Thy Father were content if thou couldst "Love. O Divine Law! fear'd of all Men, because "honoured of Gods; not to be suppressed by Wis"dom, because not to be comprehended by Reason; "without Law and therefore above Law. How "then, *Dorastus!* Why dost thou blaze that with "Praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with "Curses? Yet, why should they curse Love, who "are in Love. Blush *Dorastus*, at thy Fortune, thy "Choice, thy Love: Thy Thoughts cannot be ut"tered without Shame, nor thy Affections without "Discredit. Ah *Fawnia!* sweet *Fawnia!* thy Beau"ty *Fawnia!* Shamest thou not *Dorastus*, to name "one unfit for thy Birth, thy Dignities, thy King"doms? Die *Dorastus*, *Dorastus* die; better had'st "thou perish'd with high Desires, than live in base "Thoughts; Yet, but Beauty must be obeyed, be"cause it is Beauty: Yet framed of the Gods to feed "the Eye, not to fetter the Heart. Ah, but he that "strives against Love, shooteth with them of *Scyrum* "against the Wind, and with the Cackatrice pecketh "against the Steel. I will therefore obey, because

"I must

"I muſt obey; *Fawnia*, yea *Fawnia*, ſhall be my "Fortune in ſpite of Fortune. The Gods above "diſdain not to love Women beneath: *Phœbus* liked "*Jupiter*; *Daphne*, *Jove*; and why not I then *Faw-*"*nia*? One ſomething inferiour to theſe in Birth, "but far ſuperiour to them in Beauty; born to be a "Shepherdeſs, but worthy to be a Goddeſs. Ah "*Doraſtus!* wilt thou ſo forget thy ſelf, as to ſuffer Af-"fection to ſuppreſs Wiſdom, and Love violate "thine Honour? How ſowre will thy Choice be to "thy Father, ſorrowful to thy Subjects, and to thy "Friends a Grief, moſt gladſome to thy Foes? Sub-"due then thy Affection, and ceaſe to love her, "whom thou couldſt not love, unleſs blinded with "too much Love. Tuſh, talking to the Wind, and "ſeeking to prevent the Cauſes, I further the Ef-"fects! I will yet praiſe *Fawnia*, honour, yea, and "love *Fawnia*, and at this day follow Content, not "Counſel. Do *Doraſtus*, thou canſt repent.

And with that the Page came into the Chamber; whereupon he ceaſed from his Complaints, hoping that Time would wear out what Fortune had wrought.

As thus he was pained, ſo poor *Fawnia* was di-verſly perplexed; for the Morning, getting up very early, ſhe went to her Sheep, thinking with hard Labours to paſs away her newly-conceived Amours, beginning very buſily to drive them into the Field, and then to ſhift the Folds. At laſt, wearied with Toil, ſhe ſat her down, where (poor Soul!) ſhe was more tired with fond Affection; for Love began to aſſault her, inſomuch, that as ſhe ſat upon the ſide of a Hill, ſhe began to accuſe her own Folly in theſe Terms:

Infortunate *Fawnia*, and therefore unfortunate; becauſe, *Fawnia*, thy Shepherd's Hook ſheweth thy

poor Eſtate; thy proud Deſires, thy aſpiring Mind; the one declareth thy Want, the other thy Pride. No Baſtard Hawk muſt ſoar ſo high as the Hobby; no Fowl gaze againſt the Sun, but the Eagle: Actions wrought againſt Nature, reap Diſpute; Thoughts above Fortune diſdain. *Fawnia*, thou art a Shepherdeſs, Daughter to poor *Porrus*; if thou reſt content with this, thou art like to ſtand; if thou climb, thou art like to fall. The Herb *Anata* growing higher than ſix Inches, becometh a Weed. *Nilus* flowing more than twelve Cubits, procureth a Dearth. Daring Affections that paſs meaſure, are cut ſhort by Time or Fortune. Suppreſs then, *Fawnia*, thoſe Thoughts, which thou mayeſt bluſh to expreſs. But ah, *Fawnia*, Love is a Lord, who will command by Power and conſtrain by Force. *Doraſtus*, ah, *Doraſtus* is the Man I love; the worſe is the Hap, and the leſs Cauſe thou haſt to hope. Will Eagles catch at Flies? Will Cedars ſtoop at Brambles? Or mighty Princes look at ſuch homely Truls? No, no; think this, *Doraſtus*'s Diſdain is greater than thy Deſire: He is a Prince reſpecting his Honour; thou a Beggar's Brat forgetting thy Calling: Ceaſe then not only to ſay, but to think to love *Doraſtus*, and diſſemble thy Love *Fawnia*; for better it were to die with Grief, than to live with Shame. Yet in deſpite of Love I will ſigh to ſee if I can ſigh out Love.

Fawnia, ſomewhat appeaſing her Griefs with theſe pithy Perſwaſions, began after her wonted manner to walk about her Sheep, and to keep them from ſtraying into the Corn, ſuppreſſing her Affections with the due Conſideration of her baſe Eſtate, and with the Impoſſibilities of obtaining her Deſire; thinking it were Frenzy (not Fancy) to covet that which the very Deſtinies deny her to obtain.

But

But *Doraſtus* was more impatient in his Paſſions; for Love ſo fiercely aſſailed him, that neither Company nor Muſick could mitigate his Martyrdom, but rather far the more encreaſe the Malady. Some would not let him crave Counſel in this caſe: nor fear of his Father's Diſpleaſure reveal it to any ſecret Friend, but he was fain to make a Secretary of himſelf, and to participate his Thoughts with his own troubled Mind. Lingring thus a while in doubtful Suſpence, at laſt, ſtealing ſecretly from Court without Man or Page, he went to ſee if he could eſpy *Fawnia* walking abroad in the Field. But as one having a great deal more skill to hunt after ſuch a Prey, he ſought, but was little the better. Which croſs Luck drove him into a great Choler, that he began to accuſe both Love and Fortune: But as he was ready to retire, he ſaw *Fawnia* ſitting all alone under the ſide of a Hill, making a Garland of ſuch homely Flowers as the Field did afford; This ſight ſo revived his Spirits, that he drew nigh with more Judgment to take a View of her ſingular Perfection, which he found to be ſuch, as in the Country Attire ſhe ſtained all the Courtly Dames of *Sicilia*. While thus he ſtood gazing with piercing looks on her ſurpaſſing Beauty, *Fawnia* caſt her Eye aſide, and eſpied *Doraſtus*, which ſudden ſight made the poor Girl to bluſh, and to dye her Cryſtal Cheeks with the Vermilion Red, which gave her ſuch a Grace, as ſhe roſe up, ſaluted the Prince with ſuch modeſt Courteſies, as he wondred how a Country Maid could afford ſuch comely Behaviour. *Doraſtus* repaying her Courteſie with a ſmiling Countenance, began to parley with her in this manner:

"Fair Maid (quoth he) either your Want is great, "or a Shepherd's Life is very ſweet; that your De- "light is in ſuch Country Labours, I cannot con-

" ceive what Pleasure you should take, unless you " mean to imitate the Nymphs, being your self so " like a Nymph: To put me out of doubt, shew me " what is to be commended in a Shepherd's Life, " and what Pleasure you have to countervail these " drudging Labours?

Fawnia with blushing Face made him this Answer: " Sir, what richer State than Content? Or what " sweeter Life than Quiet? We Shepherds are not " born to Honour, nor beholden unto Beauty, the " less care have we to fear Fame or Fortune. We " count our Attires brave enough, if warm enough; " and our Food dainty, if to suffice Nature. Our " greatest Enemy is the Wolf, our only Care is safe " keeping our Flock: instead of Courtly Ditties, " we spend the Days with Country Songs; our " amorous Conceits are homely Thoughts, delight- " ing as much to talk of *Pan* and his Country " Pranks, as Lovers to tell of *Venus* and her wan- " ton Toys. Our Toil is in shifting our Folds, and " looking to our Flocks Pleasure; our greatest " Wealth, not to covet; our Honour, not to climb; " our Quiet, not to care: Envy looketh not so low " as a Shepherd; Shepherds gaze not so high as " Ambition; We are rich in that we are poor with " Content; and proud only in this, that we have no " Cause to be proud.

This witty Answer of *Fawnia*, so inflamed *Dorastus*'s Fancy, that he commended himself for making so good a Choice: thinking, if her Birth were answerable to her Wit and Beauty, that she were a fit Mate for the most famous Prince in the World. He therefore began to sift her more narrowly on this manner:

" *Fawnia*, I see thou art content with Country " Labours, because thou knowest not Courtly La- " bours:

" bours: I commend thy Wit, and pity thy Want.
" But wilt thou forſake thy Father's Cottage, to ſerve
" a Courtly Miſtreſs.

Sir (quoth ſhe) Beggars ought not to ſtrive againſt Fortune, nor to gaze againſt Honour, leſt either their ail be greater, or they become blind. I am born to toil for the Court, not in the Court; my Name unfit for their Nature; better live in mean Degree, than in high Diſdain.

Well ſaid, *Fawnia*, (quoth *Doraſtus*) I gueſs at thy Thoughts, thou art in Love with ſome Country Shepherd.

No Sir, (quoth ſhe) Shepherds cannot love, they are ſo ſimple; and Maids may not love, they are ſo young.

Nay, therefore (quoth *Doraſtus*) Maids muſt love, becauſe they are young; for *Cupid* is a Child, and *Venus*, tho' old, is painted with freſh Colours.

I grant (ſaith ſhe) Age may be painted with new Shadows, and Youth may have imperfect Actions; but what Art concealeth in one, Ignorance revealeth in another.

Doraſtus ſeeing *Fawnia* hold him ſo hard, thought to have given her a freſh Charge; but he was ſoon prevented by certain of his Men, who miſſing their Maſter, came poſting to ſeek him, ſeeing that he was gone forth all alone; yet before they drew ſo nigh that that they might hear their talk, he uſed theſe Speeches:

Why *Fawnia*, perhaps I love thee, and then thou muſt needs yield, for thou knoweſt I can command and conſtrain.

Tuſh, Sir, (quoth ſhe) but not to love; for conſtrained Love is Force, not Love. And know this, Sir, mine Honeſty is ſuch, as I had rather die, than

be

be a Concubine even unto a King; and my Birth is so base, as I'm unfit to be a Wife unto a Farmer.

Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love *Doraſtus*?

Yea, said *Fawnia*, when *Doraſtus* becomes a Shepherd.

And with that the presence of his Men broke off their Parley, so that he went with them to the Palace, and left *Fawnia* sitting still on the Hill-side; who seeing that the Night grew on, shifted her Folds, and busied herself about other Work, to drive away such fond Fancies as began to trouble her Brain. But all this could not prevail; for the Beauty of *Doraſtus* had made such a deep Impression on her Heart, as could not be worn out with a small matter; so that she was fain to blame her own Folly, in this case:

Ah *Fawnia!* Why dost thou gaze against the Sun, or catch at the Wind? Stars are to be looked at with the Eye, not reached at with the Hand: Thoughts are to be measured by Fortune, not by Desires: Falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fall, because some hap to fall? No, Luck cometh by Lot; and Fortune windeth those Threads which the Destinies spin. Thou art favour'd *Fawnia* of a Prince; and yet thou art so fond to reject desired Favour. Thou hast denial at thy Tongue's end, and desire at thy Heart's bottom. A Woman's Fault is, to spurn at that with her Foot which she greedily catcheth at with her Hand: Thou loveſt *Doraſtus*, *Fawnia*, and yet seemest to lowre: Take heed, if he retire, thou wilt repent: for unless he love, thou canst but die. Die then *Fawnia*, for *Doraſtus* doth but jest. The Lyon never preyeth on the Mouse, nor Falcons stoop at dead Stales. Sit down then in this Sorrow: cease

to

to love, and content thy ſelf, that *Doraſtus* will vouchſafe to flatter *Fawnia*, though not to fancy *Fawnia*. Hey hoe! ah Fool, it were ſeemlier for thee to whiſtle as a Shepherdeſs, than to ſigh as a Lover.

And with that ſhe ceaſed from theſe perplexed Paſſions, folding her Sheep, and hying home to her poor Cottage. But ſuch was the conſtant Sorrow of *Doraſtus*, to think on the Wit and Beauty of *Fawnia*; and to ſee how fond he was, being a Prince, and how froward ſhe was, being a Beggar, that he began to loſe his wonted Appetite, to look pale and wan: inſtead of Mirth, he fed on Melancholy: for Courtly Dances, he uſed cold Dumps; inſomuch, that not only his own Men, but his Father and all the Court began to marvel at his ſudden Change, thinking that ſome lingring Sickneſs had brought him to this State: wherefore he cauſed Phyſicians to come. But *Doraſtus* neither would let them miniſter, nor ſo much as ſuffer them to ſee his Urine, but remained ſtill ſo oppreſſed with theſe Paſſions, as he feared in himſelf a further Inconvenience. His Honour wiſhed him to ceaſe from ſuch idle Fancies; but Love forced him more to follow Fancy; yea, and in deſpight of Honour, Love won the Conqueſt; ſo that his hot Deſire cauſed him to find new Services: For he preſently made himſelf a Shepherd's Coat, that he might go unknown, and with leſs Suſpicion, to prattle with *Fawnia*, and convey'd it very ſecretly into a thick Grove, hard adjoyning unto the Palace, whither, finding fit time and opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his Princely Apparel, got on thoſe Shepherd's Robes, and taking a great Hook in his Hand, (which he had gotten) went very demurely to find out the Miſtreſs of his Affection. But as he was going along, and ſeeing himſelf clad in ſuch unbecoming and unſeemly

ſeemly Rags, he began to ſmile at his own Folly, and to reprove his Fondneſs in theſe Terms:

Well ſaid, *Doraſtus*, thou keepeſt a good Decorum; baſe Deſires, and homely Attires; thy Thoughts are fit for none but a Shepherd, and thy Apparel ſuch as only becomes a Shepherd. A ſtrange Change, from a Prince to a Peaſant! What is it, thy curled Deſtinies, or thy crooked Deſires, that appoint thee this Pennance? Ah, *Doraſtus!* thou canſt but love, and unleſs thou love, thou art like to periſh for Love. Yet fond Fool, chuſe Flowers, not Weeds; Diamonds, not Pebbles; Ladies which may honour thee, not Shepherds which may diſgrace thee. *Venus* is painted in Silks, not in Rags: and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain, when he reacheth at Dignity, And yet, *Doraſtus*, ſhame not at thy Shepherd's Weed: the Heavenly Gods have ſometimes Earthly Thoughts: *Neptune* became a Ram: *Jupiter* a Bull: *Apollo* a Shepherd: they Gods, and in Love! and thou appointed to Love.

Deviſing this with himſelf, he drew nigh to the place where his beloved *Fawnia* was keeping her Sheep, who caſting her Eye aſide, and ſeeing ſuch a mannerly Shepherd, perfectly limbed, and coming with ſo great apace, began half to forget *Doraſtus*, and to favour her pretty Shepherd, whom ſhe did imagine ſhe might both love and obtain: But as ſhe was ruminating upon theſe Thoughts, ſhe perceived then it was the young Prince *Doraſtus*: wherefore ſhe roſe up, and reverently ſaluted him: *Doraſtus* taking her by the hand, repay'd her Courteſie with a ſweet Kiſs: and praying her to ſit down by him, he began thus to lay the Battery:

If thou marvel, *Fawnia*, at my ſtrange Attire, thou wouldſt more muſe at my unaccuſtomed Thoughts; the one diſgraceth but my outward Shape, the

the other disturbeth my inward Senses; I love *Fawnia*, and therefore what Love liketh, I cannot mislike. *Fawnia*, thou hast promised to Jove, and I hope thou wilt perform no less; I have fulfilled thy Request, and now thou canst not but grant my Desire. Thou wast content to love *Dorastus*, when he ceast to be a Prince, and became a Shepherd; and see, I have made a Change, and therefore ought not to miss of my Choice.

Truth, quoth *Fawnia*, but all that wear Cowls are not Monks; painted Eagles are Pictures, not Eagles; *Zeuxis*'s Grapes were like Grapes, yet Shadows; rich Cloathing makes not Princes, nor homely Attire Beggars: Shepherds are not called Shepherds because they wear Hooks and Bags, but are born poor, and live to keep Sheep; so this Attire hath not made *Dorastus* a Shepherd, but to seem like a Shepherd.

Well *Fawnia*, answered *Dorastus*, were I a Shepherd, I could not but love thee; being a Prince, I am forced to love thee. Take heed, *Fawnia*, be not proud of Beauty's Painting; for it is a Flower that fadeth in the Blossom. Those which disdain in Youth are despised in Age. Beauty's Shadows are trick'd up with Time's Colours, which being set to dry in the Sun, are stained with the Sun, scarce pleasing to the sight e're they begin to be worth the sight; not so much unlike the Herb *Ephimeron*, which flourisheth in the Morning, and is withered before the Sunsetting. If my Desire were against Love, thou mightest justly deny my Reason: But I love thee, *Fawnia*, not to misuse thee, as a Concubine, but to use thee as my Wife; I can promise no more, and mean to perform no less.

Fawnia hearing this solemn Protestation of *Dorastus*, could no longer withstand Assault, but yield up the Fort in these friendly Terms:

Ah *Dorastus!* I shame to express, that thou forcest me with thy sugred Speech to confess: My base Birth caused the one, and the high Dignities the other; Beggars ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my desires reach at Princes. I dare not say, *Dorastus*, I love thee, because I am a Shepherdess; but the Gods know I have honoured *Dorastus*, (pardon if I say amiss) yea, and love *Dorastus* with all dutiful Affections which *Fawnia* can perform, or *Dorastus* desire: I yield not, overcome with Prayers, but with Love, resting *Dorastus*'s Hand-maid, ready to obey his Will, if no Prejudice at all to his Honour, or my Credit.

Dorastus hearing this friendly Conclusion of *Fawnia*, embraced her in his Arms, swearing, That neither Distance, Time, nor adverse Fortune, should diminish his Affection; but that in despite of the Destinies he would remain faithful unto Death.

Having thus plighted their Troth to each other, seeing they could not have the full Fruition of their Love in *Sicilia*, for that *Egistus*'s Consent would never be granted to so mean a Match, *Dorastus* determined, as soon as the time and opportunity would give him leave, to provide a great Mass of Money, and many rich and costly Jewels for the easier Carriage, and then to transport themselves and their Treasure into *Italy*, where they should lead a contented Life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or else by Succession come to the Kingdom. This Device was greatly pleasing to *Fawnia*, for she feared, if the King his Father should but hear of the Contract, that his Fury would be such, as no less than Death should stand for Payment.

ment. She therefore told him, that Delay bred Danger; that many Mishaps did fall out between the Cup and the Lip; and that to avoid Danger, it were best, with as much speed as might be, to pass out of *Sicilia*, lest Fortune might prevent their Intention with some new Despight. *Dorastus*, whom Love pricked forward with Desire, promised to dispatch his Affairs with as great haste as either Time or Opportunity would give him leave; and so resting upon this Point, after many Embracings and sweet Kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leave of his best-beloved *Fawnia*, went to the Grove, where he had rich Apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, binding up his Shepherd's Attire, till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the Palace, shewing by his merry Countenance, that either the State of his Body was amended, or the Cause of his Mind greatly addressed. *Fawnia*, poor Soul, was no less joyful, that being a Shepherdess, Fortune had favoured her so, as to reward her with the Love of a Prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the Daughter of a poor Farmer, to be Wife to a rich King. So that she thought every hour a year till by their Departure they might prevent Danger; not ceasing still to go every day to her Sheep; not so much for the Care of the Flock, as for the Desire she had to see her Love and Lord.

Dorastus, who oftentimes, when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his Fancy with the sweet Content of *Fawnia*'s Presence; and altho' he never went to visit her, but in a Shepherd's Attire, yet his oft Repair made him not only suspected, but known to divers of their Neighbours, who, for the Good-will they bare to old *Porrus*, told him secretly of the Matter, wishing him to keep his Daughter

ter at home, left ſhe went ſo long to the Field, that ſhe brought him home a young Son; for they feared that *Fawnia* being ſo beautiful, the young Prince would allure her to Folly.

Porrus was ſtricken in a Dump at this News, ſo that thanking his Neighbours for their Good-will, he hied him home to his Wife, and calling her aſide, wringing his Hands, and ſhedding forth Tears, he brake the matter in theſe Terms:

I am afraid, Wife, that my Daughter *Fawnia* hath been too forward, and made herſelf to ſin, and that ſhe will buy Repentance at too dear a Rate. I have News, which if it be true, ſome will wiſh it had not been proved true: It is told me by my Neighbours, that *Doraſtus*, the King's Son, begins to look at our Daughter *Fawnia*; which if it be ſo, I will not give her a Halfpeny for her Honeſty at the Year's end. I tell thee, Wife, now-adays Beauty is a great Snare to trap young Men; and fair Words and ſweet Promiſes are two great Enemies to a Maid's Honeſty: And, thou knoweſt, where the Poor entreat and cannot obtain, there Princes may command, and will obtain. Though Kings Sons dance in Nets, yet they may be ſeen; and poor Men's Faults are eſpy'd at a little Hole. Well, it is a hard caſe, where Kings Luſts are Laws, and that they ſhould bind poor Men to that which they themſelves wilfully break.

Peace Husband (quoth his Wife) take heed what you ſay: Speak no more than you ſhould, leſt you hear what you would not. Great Streams are to be ſtopped by Slight, not by Force; and Princes to be perſwaded by Submiſſion, not by Rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may, leſt by ſaving *Fawnia*'s Maiden-head, you loſe your own. Take heed, I ſay, it is ill jeſting with edg'd Tools, and

and bad ſporting with Kings. The Wolf had his Skin pulled over his Ears for looking into the Lion's Den.

Tuſh, Wife (quoth he) thou ſpeakeſt like a Fool; if the King ſhould know that *Doraſtus* had gotten our Daughter with Child (as I fear it will fall out little better) the King's Fury would be ſuch, as no doubt but we ſhould both loſe our Goods and Lives: Neceſſity therefore hath no Law, and I will prevent this Miſchief with a new Device that is come into my Head, which ſhall neither offend the King, nor diſpleaſe *Doraſtus*. I mean to take the Chain and Jewels that I found with *Fawnia*, and carry them to the King, letting him then to underſtand ſhe is none of my Daughter, but I found her beaten up with the Water alone in a little Boat, wrapped in a rich Mantle, wherein was incloſed this Treaſure. By which means I hope the King will take *Fawnia* into his Service, and we, whatſoever chance, ſhall be blameleſs.

This Device pleaſed the good Wife very well; ſo that they determined as ſoon as they might know the King at Leiſure, to make him privy to this Caſe.

In the mean time *Doraſtus* was not ſlack in his Affairs, but plyed his Matters with ſuch Diligence, that he provided all things fit for their Journey. Treaſure and Jewels he had gotten great ſtore, thinking there was no better Friend than Money in a ſtrange Country. Rich Attire he had provided for *Fawnia*; and becauſe he could not bring the Matter to paſs without the Help and Advice of ſome One, he had made an old Servant of his, called *Capnio*, who had ſerved him from his Childhood, privy to this Affairs; who, ſeeing no Perſwaſions could prevail to divert him from his ſettled Determination, gave his Conſent, and dealt ſo ſecretly in the Cauſe, that within ſhort ſpace he had gotten a Ship ready

for their Paſſage. The Marriners ſeeing a fit Gale of Wind for their purpoſe, wiſhed *Capnio* to make no Delays, leſt if they pretermitted this good Weather, they might ſtay longer e're they had ſuch a fair Wind. *Capnio* fearing that his Negligence ſhould hinder their Journey, in the Night-time conveyed the Trunks full of Treaſure into the Ship, and by ſecret Means let *Fawnia* underſtand, that the next Morning they meant to depart. She upon the News ſlept very little that Night, but got up very early, and went to her Sheep, looking every minute when ſhe ſhould ſee *Doraſtus*; who ſtayed not long, for fear Delay might breed Danger, but as faſt as he could gallop, and without any great Circumſtance, took *Fawnia* up behind him, and rode to the Haven where the Ship lay, which was three quarters of a Mile diſtant from that place. He no ſooner came there, but the Marriners were ready with their Cock-boat to ſet them aboard, where, being couch'd together in a Cabin, they paſſed away the time in recounning their old Love, till their Man *Capnio* could come.

Perrus, who had heard that Morning the King would go abroad to take the Air, call'd in haſte to his Wife, to bring him his Holiday Hoſe, and his beſt Jacket, that he might go like an honeſt ſubſtantial Man to tell his Tale. His Wife (a good cleanly Wench) brought him all things fit, and ſpunged him up very handſomly, giving him the Chain and Jewels in a little Box; which *Perrus*, for the more ſafety, put in his Boſom. Having thus his Trinkets in a readineſs, taking his Staff in his Hand, he bad his Wife kiſs him for good Luck, and ſo he went towards the Palace. But as he was going, Fortune (who meant to ſhew him a little falſe Play) prevented his Purpoſe in this wiſe: He met by chance in his way

way *Capnio*, who, trudging as fast as he could with a little Coffer under his Arm, to the Ship, and spying *Porrus*, whom he knew to be *Pandora*'s Father, going towards the Palace, being a wild Fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore croſt him in the way, and asked him whither he was going ſo early in the Morning?

Porrus (who knew by his Face that he was one of the Court) meaning ſimply, told him, that the King's Son *Doraſtus* dealt hardly with him; for he had but one Daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his Neighbours told him the young Prince had allured her to Folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abuſed.

Capnio (who ſtraightway knew the whole matter) began to ſooth him in his talk, and ſaid, that *Doraſtus* dealt not like a Prince to ſpoil any poor Man's Daughter in that ſort; he therefore would do the beſt for him he could, becauſe he knew he was an honeſt Man. But (quoth *Capnio*) you loſe your labour in going to the Palace, for the King means this day to take the Air on the Sea, and to go aboard of a Ship that lies in the Haven; I am going before, you ſee, to provide all things in a readineſs, and if you will follow my Counſel, turn back with me to the Haven, where I will ſet you in ſuch a fit place, as you may ſpeak to the King at your pleaſure. *Porrus* giving credit to *Capnio*'s ſmooth Tale, gave him a thouſand Thanks for his friendly Advice, and went with him to the Haven, making all the way his complaint of *Doraſtus*, yet concealing ſecretly the Chain and the Jewels. As ſoon as they were come to the Sea-ſide, the Marriners ſeeing *Capnio*, came to the Land with their Cock-boat, who ſtill diſſembling the matter, demanded of *Porrus* if he would ſee the Ship, who unwilling, and fearing the worſt, becauſe

he was not well acquainted with *Capnio*, made this Excuse, That he could not brook the Seas, and therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio seeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, commanded the Marriners, that by Violence they should carry him into the Ship, who like sturdy Knaves hoisted the poor Shepherd on their Necks, and bearing him to the Boat, launched from the Land. *Porrus* seeing himself so cunningly betray'd, durst not cry out, for he saw it would not prevail; but began to entreat *Capnio*, and the Marriners to be good to him, and to pity his Estate, he was but a poor Man that lived by his Labour. They laughing to see the Shepherd so afraid, made as much haste as they could to set him aboard. *Porrus* was no sooner in the Ship, but he saw *Doraſtus* walking with *Fawnia*, yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired herself in rich Apparel, which so encreased her Beauty, that she resembled rather an Angel than a mortal Creature.

Doraſtus and *Fawnia* were half astonished to see the Shepherd, marvelling greatly what Wind had brought him thither, till *Capnio* told them all the whole Discourse, how *Porrus* was going to make his Complaint to the King, if by Policy he had not prevented him; and therefore now sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further Danger, it were best to carry him into *Italy*. *Doraſtus* praised greatly his Man's Device, and allowed of his Counsel: But *Fawnia* (who still feared *Porrus* as her Father) began to blush for Shame, that by her means he should incur Danger or Displeasure.

The old Shepherd hearing this hard Sentence, that he should on such a sudden be carried from his Wife, his Country, and Kinsfolk, into a Foreign Land amongst Strangers, began with bitter Tears to

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make his Complaint, and on his Knees to entreat *Doraſtus*, that pardoning his unadviſed Folly, he would give him leave to go home; ſweating, that he would keep all things as ſecret as he could wiſh. But theſe Proteſtations could not prevail, although *Fawnia* intreated *Doraſtus* very earneſtly; but the Marriners hoiſted their Sails, weighed Anchors, hauled into the Deep, where we leave them to the Succour of the Wind and Seas, and return to *Egiſtus*.

Who, having appointed this day to hunt in one of his Forreſts, called for his Son *Doraſtus* to go ſport himſelf, becauſe he ſaw that of late he began to lowre; but his Man made Anſwer, That he was abroad none knew whither, except he was gone to the Grove, to walk all alone, as his Cuſtom was every day. The King willing to awaken him out of his Dumps, ſent one of his Men to go ſeek him, but in vain; for at laſt he returned, but find him he could not, ſo that the King went himſelf to go ſee the ſport; where paſſing away the Day, returning at Night from Hunting, he asked for his Son, but he could not be heard of, which drove the King into a great Choler; whereupon moſt of his Noblemen, and other Courtiers poſted abroad to ſeek him, but they could not hear of him throughout all *Sicilia*, only they miſſed *Capnio* his Man, which again made the King ſuſpect that he was gone far. Two or three Days being paſſed, and no News heard of *Doraſtus*, *Egiſtus* being fearful that he was devoured of ſome wild Beaſts, commanded that a great Troop of Men ſhould go to ſeek him, who coaſted thro' all the Country, and ſearched in every dangerous and ſecret place, until at laſt they met with a Fiſherman that was ſitting in a little Covert hard by the Sea-ſide, mending his Nets, when *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia* took ſhipping; who being examined if he either

heard or knew where the King's Son was, without any Excuse at all, revealed the whole Matter, how he was sailed two Days past, and had in his Company his Man *Capnio*, *Perrus*, and his fair Daughter *Fawnia*.

This heavy News was presently carried to the King, who half dead for Sorrow, commanded *Perrus*'s Wife to be sent for; she being come to the Palace, after due Examination, confessed that her Neighbours had oft told her, that the King's Son was too familiar with *Fawnia* her Daughter; whereupon her Husband fearing the worst, about two Days past (hearing the King would go a Hunting) rose early in the Morning, and went to make his Complaint, but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him.

Egistus perceiving the Woman's unfeigned Simplicity, let her depart without incurring further Displeasure, conceiving such secret Grief for his Son's wretchless Folly, that he had so forgotten his Honour and Parentage, by so base a Choice to dishonour his Father, and discredit himself, that with very Care and Thoughts he fell into a Quartan Fever; which was so unfit for his Years and Complexion, and he became so weak, as the Physicians would grant him no Life.

But his Son *Dorastus* little regarded either Father, Country, or Kingdom, in Respect of his Lady *Fawnia*: Fortune smiling on this young Novice, sent so lucky a Gale of Wind for the space of a Day and a Night, that the Marriners lay asleep upon the Hatches, but the next Morning about break of Day the Air began to over-cast, the Winds to rise, the Seas to swell; yea, presently there arose such a fearful Tempest, as the Ship was in danger to be swallowed in every Sea, the Main-mast with the

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violence of the Winds was thrown overboard, the Sails were torn, the Tackling rended aſunder, the Storm raging ſtill ſo furiouſly, that *Fawnia* was almoſt dead for Fear, but that ſhe was greatly comforted with the Preſence of *Doraſtus*. The Tempeſt continued three Days, all which time the Marriners every minute looked for Death; and the Air was ſo darken'd with Clouds, that the Maſter could not tell by the Compaſs in what Coaſt they were: But upon the fourth Day, about ten of the Clock, the Wind began to ceaſe, the Sea wax calm, and the Sky to be clear, and the Marriners deſcribed the Coaſt of *Bohemia*, ſhooting off their Ordnance for Joy that they had eſcaped ſuch a fearful Tempeſt.

Doraſtus hearing that they were arrived at ſome Harbour, ſweetly kiſſed *Fawnia*, and bid her be of good Cheer; when they told him that the Port belonged to the chief City of *Bohemia*, where *Pandoſto* kept his Court, *Doraſtus* began to be ſad, knowing that his Father hated no Man ſo much as *Pandoſto*, and that the King himſelf had ſought to betray *Egiſtus*; this conſider'd, he was half afraid to go on Land, but that *Capnio* counſel'd him to change his Name, and his Country, until ſuch time as they could get ſome other Bark to tranſport them into *Italy*: *Doraſtus* liking this Advice, made his Caſe privy to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their Pains, and charging them to ſay, That he was a Gentleman of *Trapolonia*, called *Meleagrus*. The Ship-men, willing to ſhew what Friendſhip they could to *Doraſtus*, promiſed to be as ſecret as they could, or he might wiſh; and upon this, they landed in a little Village, a Mile diſtant from the City, where after they had roved a Day, thinking to make Proviſion for their Marriage, the Fame of *Fawnia*'s Beauty was ſpread throughout all the City, ſo that it

came to the Ear of *Pandosto*, who being about the Age of Fifty, had, notwithstanding, young and fresh Affections, so that he desired greatly to see *Fawnia*: And to bring this matter the better to pass, hearing they had but one Man, and how they rested at a very homely House, he caused them to be apprehended as Spies, and sent twelve of his Guards to take them, who being come to their Lodging, told them the King's Message. *Doraſtus* no whit dismayed, accompanied with *Fawnia* and *Capnio*, went to the Court (for they left *Porrus* to keep the Stuff) who being admitted to the King's Presence, *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia* with humble Obeisance saluted his Majesty.

Pandosto amazed at the singular Perfection of *Fawnia*, stood half astonished, viewing her Beauty, so that he almost forgot himself what he had to do; at last with stern Countenance he demanded their Names, and of what Country they were, and what caused them to land in *Bohemia*?

Sir (quoth *Doraſtus*) know, that my Name is *Meleagrus*, a Knight, born and brought up in *Trapolonia*; and this Gentlewoman whom I mean to take to my Wife, is an *Italian*, born in *Padua*, from whence I have now brought her. The Cause I have so small a Train with me, is, for that her Friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into *Trapolonia*, whither I was sailing, and by Distress of Weather I was driven into these Coasts. Thus you have heard my Name, my Country, and the Cause of my Voyage.

Pandosto starting from his Seat, as one in a Choler, made this rough Reply:

Meleagrus, I fear this smooth Tale hath but small Truth, and that thou coverest a foul Skin with fair Paintings. No doubt, this Lady by her Grace and Beauty is of a higher Degree, more meet for a mighty

mighty Prince than for a ſimple Knight; and thou like a perjured Traytor haſt bereft her Parents of her, to their preſent Grief, and her enſuing Sorrow; therefore, until I hear more of her Parentage, and of her Calling and Education, and thou procure a Certificate out of *Trapolonia* of the Truth of what thou haſt related concerning thy ſelf, I will ſtay you both in *Bohemia*.

Doraſtus, in whom reſted nothing but Kingly Valour, was not able to ſuffer the Reproaches of *Pandoſto*, but that he made him this Anſwer: It is not meet for a Knight without due Proof to reproach any Man of ill Behaviour; nor upon Suſpicion to infer Belief: Strangers ought to be entertain'd with Courteſie, not to be entreated with Cruelty, leſt being forc'd by Want to put up Injuries, the Gods revenge their Cauſe with Rigour.

Pandoſto hearing *Doraſtus* utter theſe Words, commanded him to be committed to Priſon, until ſuch time as they heard farther of his Pleaſure; but as for *Fawnia*, he charged that ſhe ſhould be entertain'd in the Court with ſuch Courteſie as belonged to a Stranger, and her Calling; the reſt of the Shipmen were put into a Dungeon.

Having thus ſo handled the ſuppoſed Trapolonians; *Pandoſto*, contrary to his aged Years, began to be ſomewhat tickled with the Beauty of *Fawnia*, inſomuch that he could take no reſt, but caſt into his old Head a thouſand Devices; at laſt he fell into theſe Thoughts:

How art thou diſturbed (*Pandoſto*) with freſh Affections and unfit Fancies? wiſhing to poſſeſs with an unwilling Mind, and a hot Deſire troubled with a cold Diſdain: ſhall thy Mind yield in Age, to that thou haſt reſiſted in thy Youth? Peace, *Pandoſto*, blab not out that which thou may'ſt be aſham'd to

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reveal thy self. Ah, *Fawnia* is beautiful, and it is not for thine Honour (fond Fool) to name her that is thy Captive, and another Man's Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my Hand, which my Heart would fain refuse: playing like the Bird *Ibis* in *Ægypt*, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their Eggs. Tush, hot Desire quens oftentimes to cold Disdain: Love is brittle, where Appetite, not Reason, bears the sway: Kings Thoughts ought to climb so high as the Heavens, but to look no lower than Honour: better it is to peck at the Stars with the young Eagle, then to prey on dead Carcasses with the Vulture: True, it is more honourable for *Pandosto* to dye by concealing Love, than to enjoy such unfit Love. Doth *Pandosto* then love? Yea; whom? A Maid unknown; yea, and perhaps immodest; stragled out of her own Country: Beautiful, but not therefore Chaste; comely in Body, perhaps crooked in Mind. Cease then *Pandosto*, to look at *Fawnia*, much less to love her: be not overtaken with a Woman's Beauty, whose Eyes are framed by Art to enamour; whose Heart is framed by Nature to enchant; whose false Tears know their due time; and whose sweet Words pierce deeper than Swords.

Here ceast *Pandosto* from his Talk, but not from his Love: for altho' he sought by Reason and Wisdom to suppress this frantick Affection, yet he could take no Rest, the Beauty of *Fawnia* had made such a deep Impression on his Heart. But one Day walking abroad into the Park (which was adjoyning to his House) he sent by one of his Servants for *Fawnia*, unto whom he utter'd these Words:

Fawnia, I commend thy Beauty and Wit, and now pity thy Distress and Want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir *Melagrus* (whose Poverty, tho' a Knight, is not able to maintain an Estate answerable to thy Beauty)

Beauty) and yield thy Consent to *Pandosto*, I will increase thee both with Dignities and Riches.

No, Sir, answered *Fawnia*, *Meleagrus* is a Knight that hath won me by Love; and none but he shall wear me: This sinister Mischance shall not diminish my Affections, but rather increase my Good-will: Think not, though your Grace hath imprison'd him without Cause, that Fear shall make me yield my Consent; I had rather be *Meleagrus*'s Wife and a Beggar, than live in Plenty and be *Pandosto*'s Concubine.

Pandosto hearing the assured Answer of *Fawnia*, would notwithstanding prosecute his Suit to the uttermost; seeking with fair Words, and great Promises, to scale the Fort of her Chastity: Swearing, that if she would grant to his Desire, *Meleagrus* should not only be set at Liberty, but honour'd in the Court amongst the Nobles: But these alluring Baits could not entice her Mind from the love of her new betrothed Mate *Meleagrus*; which *Pandosto* seeing, he let her alone for that time, to consider more of the Demand. *Fawnia* being alone by herself, began to fall into these Meditations:

Ah, unfortunate *Fawnia!* thou seest, to desire above Fortune, is to strive above the Gods and Fortune. Whoso gazeth at the Sun weakneth his sight; they which stare at the Sky, fall oft into deep Pits: hadst thou rested content to have been a Shepherdess, thou needst not to have feared this Chance: better had it been for thee by sitting low to have had Quiet, than by climbing high to have fallen in Misery: But, alas, I fear not my own Danger, but *Dorastus*'s Displeasure. Ah, sweet *Dorastus*, thou art a Prince, but now a Prisoner, by too much Love, procuring thy own Loss: hadst thou not loved *Fawnia*, thou hadst been fortunate; shall I then be false to him

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that hath forsaken Kingdoms for my sake? No, would my Death might deliver him, so mine Honour might be preserv'd.

With that, fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her Complaint, and went again to the Palace, enjoying a Liberty without Content, and proffered Pleasure with small Joy. But poor *Doraſtus* lay all this while in a close Prison, being pinch'd with hard Restraint, and pain'd with the burthen of cold and heavy Irons; sorrowing sometimes that his fond Affections had procured him this Mishap; that by the Disobedience to his Parents, he had wrought his own Despite: another while cursing the Gods and Fortune, that they would cross him with sinister Chance; uttering at last his Passions with these Words:

Ah, unfortunate Wretch! born to Mishap, now thy Folly hath its Desert; art thou not worthy for thy base Mind to have bad Fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine Honour and Dignity? Will not the Gods plague him with Despite that paineth his Father with Disobedience? Oh ye Gods! if any Favour or Justice be left, plague me, but favour poor *Fawnia*, and shroud her from the Tyrannies of wretched *Pandoſto*; but let my Death free her from Mishap, and then welcome Death.

Doraſtus, pained with these heavy Passions, sorrowed and sighed, but in vain; for which he used more Patience.

But again to *Pandoſto*, who boiling in the heat of unlawful Lust, could take no rest, but still felt his Mind disquited with his new Love, so that his Nobles and Subjects marvel'd greatly at his sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care.

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Pandoſto thinking every Hour a Year till he had talk'd once again with *Fawnia*, ſent for her ſecretly into his Chamber, whither *Fawnia*, tho' unwillingly, coming, *Pandoſto* entertain'd her very courteouſly, uſing theſe familiar Speeches, which *Fawnia* anſwer'd as ſhortly in this wiſe:

Pandoſto.] *Fawnia*, art thou become leſs wilful and more wiſe, to prefer the love of a King before the liking of a poor Knight? I think e're this you think it is better to be favour'd of a King, than of a Subject.

Fawnia.] *Pandoſto*, the Body is ſubject to Victories, but the Mind is not to be ſubdued with Conqueſt; Honeſty is to be prefer'd before Honours, and a dram of Faith will weigh down a Tun of Gold: I have promis'd *Meleagrus* my Love, and will perform no leſs.

Pandoſto.] *Fawnia*, I know thou art not ſo unwiſe in thy choice, as to refuſe the love of a King, nor ſo ungrateful as to deſpiſe a good turn; thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou ſeeſt I entreat; my Power is ſuch, that I may compel by Force, and yet I ſue by Prayers. Yield, *Fawnia*, thy love to him which burneth in Love; *Meleagrus* ſhall be ſet free, thy Countrymen diſcharg'd, and thou both lov'd and honour'd.

Fawnia.] I ſee, *Pandoſto*, where Luſt ruleth it is a miſerable thing to be a Virgin; but know this, that I will always prefer Fame before Life, and rather chuſe Death than Diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſeeing that in *Fawnia* there was a determinate Courage to love *Meleagrus*, and a Reſolution without fear to hate him, flying away from her in a rage, he ſwore, that if in a ſhort time ſhe would not be won by Reaſon, he would forget all Courteſie, and compel her to grant love by Rigour: but theſe

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threatning words no whit dismay'd *Fawnia*, but that she still both despites and despises *Pandosto*. While thus these two Lovers strove, the one to win Love, the other to live in Hate, *Egistus* heard certain News by Merchants of *Bohemia*, that his Son *Doraſtus* was impriſon'd by *Pandoſto*, which made him fear greatly that his Son would be but hardly uſed; yet conſidering that *Bellaria* and he was clear'd by the Oracle of *Apollo* from the Crime wherewith *Pandoſto* had unjuſtly charg'd them, thought beſt to ſend with all ſpeed to *Pandoſto*, that he ſhould ſet free his Son *Doraſtus*, and put to death *Fawnia* and her Father *Porrus*.

Finding this, by the Advice of his Counſel, the ſpeedieſt Remedy to releaſe his Son, he caus'd preſently two of his Ships to be rigg'd and throughly furniſh'd with Proviſion of Men and Victuals, and ſent divers of his Nobles Ambaſſadors into *Bohemia*, who willing to obey the King and receive the young Prince, made no delay for fear of danger, but with as much ſpeed as might be, ſail'd towards *Bohemia*, the Wind and Sea favouring them greatly, which made them hope of ſome good hap, for within three days they were landed.

Pandoſto no ſooner heard of their arrival, but in perſon he went to meet them, entertaining them with ſuch ſumptuous and familiar courteſie, that they might all well perceive how ſorry he was for the former Injuries he had offer'd their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amends.

As *Pandoſto* made report to them, how *Meleagrus*, a Knight of *Trapolonia*, was lately arriv'd with a Lady call'd *Fawnia* in his Land, coming very ſuſpiciouſly, accompanied only with one Servant and an old Shepherd, the Ambaſſadors perceiving by the half what the whole Tale meant, began to conjecture that

that it was *Doraſtus*, who, for fear to be known, had chang'd his Name; but diſſembling the matter, they ſhortly arriv'd at the Court, where after they had been very ſolemnly and ſumptuouſly feaſted, the Noblemen of *Sicilia* being gather'd together, they made report of their Embaſſage, where they certified *Pandoſto*, that *Meleagrus* was Son and Heir to the King *Egiſtus*, and that his Name was *Doraſtus*, and how contrary to the King's Mind he had privily convey'd away that *Fawnia*, intending to marry her, being Daughter to that poor Shepherd *Porrus*; whereupon the King's requeſt was, That *Capnio*, *Fawnia* and *Porrus* might be murther'd, and that his Son *Doraſtus* might be ſent home in ſafety.

Pandoſto having attentively and with great marvel heard the Embaſſage, willing to reconcile himſelf to *Egiſtus*, and to ſhew him how greatly he eſteem'd his favour, altho' Love and Fancy forbad him to hurt *Fawnia*, yet in deſpight of Love he determin'd to execute *Egiſtus*'s Will without Mercy; and therefore he preſently ſent for *Doraſtus* out of Priſon, who marvelling at this unlooked-for Courteſie, found at his coming to the King's preſence that which he leaſt dreamt of, his Father's Ambaſſadors; who no ſooner ſaw him, but with great reverence they honour'd him, and *Pandoſto* embracing *Doraſtus*, ſet him by him very lovingly in a Chair of State; *Doraſtus*, aſhamed that his folly was bewray'd, ſate a long time in amaze, till *Pandoſto* told him the ſum of his Father's Embaſſage; which he had no ſooner heard, but he was touch'd to the quick, for the cruel Sentence that was pronounced againſt *Fawnia*, but neither could his Sorrow nor Perſwaſion prevail, for *Pandoſto* commanded that *Fawnia*, *Porrus*, and *Capnio* ſhould be brought into his preſence; who were no ſooner come, but *Pan-*

doſto

dotto having his former Love turned into disdainful Hate, began to rave against *Fawnia* in these Terms:

Thou disdainful Vassal, thou currish Kite, assigned by the Destinies to base Fortune, and yet with an aspiring Mind gazing after Honour; how durst thou presume, being a Beggar, to match with a Prince? by thy alluring Looks to enchant the Son of a King to leave his own Country to fulfil thy disordinate Lust? O despiteful Mind! a proud Heart in a Beggar is not unlike a great Fire in a small Cottage, which warmeth not the House, but burneth it; assure thy self thou shalt die. And thou old doting Fool, whose folly hath been such, as to suffer thy Daughter to reach above thy Fortune, look for no other Meat but the like Punishment. But *Capnio*, thou that hast betray'd the King, and hast consented to the unlawful Lust of thy Lord and Master, I know not how justly I may plague thee; Death is too easie a Punishment for thy Falshood, and to live (if not in extream Misery) were not to shew thee Equity. I therefore award, That thou shalt have thine Eyes put out, and continually, till thou diest, grind in a Mill, like a brute Beast.

The fear of Death brought a sorrowful silence upon *Fawnia* and *Capnio*, but *Porrus* seeing no hope of Life, burst forth into these Speeches:

Pandosto, and ye noble Ambassadors of *Sicilia*, seeing without cause I am condemn'd to die, I am yet glad I have Opportunity to disburden my Conscience before my Death; I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: Whereas I am accus'd that I have been the supporter of *Fawnia*'s Pride, and she disdained as a vile Beggar; so it is, that I am neither Father unto her, nor she Daughter unto me; for it so hapned, that I being a poor Shepherd in *Sicilia*, living by keeping other

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Men's Flocks, one of my Sheep ſtraying down to the Sea-ſide, as I went to ſeek her I ſaw a little Boat driven upon the Shore, wherein I found a Babe of about ſix days old, wrapt in a Mantle of Scarlet, having about the Neck this Chain; I pitying the Child, and deſirous of the Treaſure, carry'd it home to my Wife, who with Care nurſed it up, and ſet it to keep Sheep. Here is the Chain and the Jewels; and this *Fawnia* is the Child whom I found in the Boat; what ſhe is, or of what Parentage, I know not, but I am aſſur'd of it ſhe is none of mine.

Pandoſto would hardly ſuffer him to tell out his his Tale, but that he enquired the time of the Year, the manner of the Boat, and other circumſtances, which when he found agreeing to his account, he ſuddenly leaped from his Seat, and kiſſed *Fawnia*, wetting her tender Cheeks with his Tears, and crying, *My Daughter* Fawnia! *Ah, my ſweet* Fawnia, *I am thy Father*, Fawnia: This ſudden Paſſion of the King drove them all into an Amaze, eſpecially *Fawnia* and *Doraſtus*; but when the King had breathed himſelf a while in this new Joy, he rehearſed before the Ambaſſadors the whole matter, and how he had entreated his Wife *Bellaria* for Jealouſie, and that this was the Child whom he ſent to float on the Seas.

Fawnia was now more joyful that ſhe had found ſuch a Father, and *Doraſtus* was glad he ſhould get ſuch a Wife. The Ambaſſadors rejoyced that their young Prince had made ſuch a choice, that thoſe Kingdoms, which thro' Enmity had long time been diſſevered, ſhould now thro' perpetual Amity be united and reconciled. The Citizens and Subjects of *Bohemia* (hearing that the King had found his Daughter, which was ſuppoſed dead) joyful that there was an Heir apparent to the Kingdom, made Bonfires and Shows throughout all the City; the Courtiers

and Knights appointed Justs and Tourneys, to signifie their willing Minds in gratifying the King's hap. Eighteen days being past in these Princely Sports, *Pandosto* willing to recompense old *Porrus*, of a Shepherd made him a Knight; which done, providing a sufficient Navy to receive him and his Retinue, accompanied with *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Ambassadors, he sailed towards *Sicilia*, where he was most Princely entertained by *Egistus*, who hearing this comical Event, rejoyced greatly at his Son's good hap, and without delay (to the perpetual joy of the two young Lovers) celebrated the Marriage; which was no sooner ended, but *Pandosto* calling to Mind how he first betrayed his Friend *Egistus*; how his Jealousie was the cause of *Bellaria*'s Death; that, contrary to the Law of Nature, he had lusted after his own Daughter; moved with these desperate Thoughts, he fell into a melancholy Fit, and to close up the Comedy with a Tragical Stratagem, he slew himself; whose Death being many days bewailed of *Fawnia*, *Dorastus*, and his Friend *Egistus*, *Dorastus* taking leave of his Father, went with his Wife and the dead Corps into *Bohemia*, where after it was sumptuously entomb'd, *Dorastus* ended his Days in contented Quier.

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THE HISTORY OF JOSEPHUS THE *Indian* Prince.

AMongſt ſome *Indian* Iſlands, near or under the Equinoctial Line, it is ſaid there was a Deſart-Iſland, of pretty large Circumference, ſcituate in a pleaſant and temperate Air; and not far from it was another Iſland, which did abound with moſt Neceſſaries for Life, and well ſtockt with Inhabitants. The King, or Prince that govern'd it is ſaid to be of a Proud and Jealous Temper, and having a very beautiful Sifter, he kept a ſtrict Eye over her; not ſuffering her to Marry, becauſe he thought none of his Country good enough for her

Husband; but having a Kinſman called *Joſephus*, ſhe placing her Affections on him, privately marries him unknown to the ſaid Prince her Brother: By whom proving with Child ſoon after Marriage, bore a Son, and fearing the Birth of the Child and her Marriage ſhou'd be diſcover'd to her Ambitious Brother, and after the Babe had taken to ſuck, reſolves to put him in a little Wooden-Cheſt; and being attended with ſome of her Servants and faithful Friends, carries him cloſe nailed up to the Sea-ſhore in the Night-time, reſolving to recommend him to the Mercy of God and the Waves, rather than divulge the Matter to her proud Brother; and putting up her Prayers to Heaven for the Preſervation of the Infant, by his merciful Aſſiſtance, Guard, Direction and Government, ſhe took her ſorrowful leave of it, committing the Cheſt to the Sea; the Waves began to ſwell with the Tide, and the ſame Night convey'd it on Shore of the firſt mentioned Deſart-Iſland: This happened to be in a time of the year when the Tides were very great, which ſwell'd the Water ſo high, that it overflowed the adjacent Shore, ſo that the force of the Flood caſt the little Cheſt into a ſhady adjacent Grove thick ſet with Trees very pleaſant, and ſheltered from Wind and Weather; Rain nor Sun in its Flowing or Ebbing no way moleſting it. Soon after the Water Ebbing, the Cheſt wherein the Child was, remain'd in the ſame place the Flood caſt it; the Wind and Water heaping up the Sands, ſtopt the paſſage up to the Grove that the Water could not reach it; and withal the Cheſt being driven into the Grove, had its Nails drawn and looſened by its Motion, and the Cheſt broke open; ſo that the Child therein awaking, fell a crying, and lying at the edge of the Shore, which being heard by a Roe who had

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juſt loſt its Fawn by an Eagle which had carry'd it away, ſhe thinking it had been that Fawn, came to the Cheſt, and with her Claws getting looſe one of the Boards, got the Child out, and gave it her Dug to ſuck, and conſtantly afterwards came to it, cover'd it and kept it from harm; and in ſhort, having plenty of Milk, and mightily taken with it, the Child grew ſtrong under ſuch tender Nurſing, there being nor avenous or hurtful wild Beaſt in all the Iſland. Thus with her Milk ſhe ſuckled it to two year old, when having got its Teeth, and beginning to uſe its Feet, by degrees it followed the Roe, who conducted it to Fruit-bearing Trees, and fed it with the ripe Fruits that fell therefrom, and broke with her Teeth for it what was too hard for it; when it wou'd not be ſatisfy'd without Milk, ſhe ſuckled it, carrying it to fit places for Water when dry, and ſheltering him from Cold and Wet with her own Body, conſtantly herding with the reſt of the Deer, inſomuch, that they always company'd with them; and the Child could ſo well imitate their Voice, as hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from theirs: Likewiſe he could exactly repeat whatſoever Voice he heard from any Bird, or other brutiſh Creature; but chiefly uſed the Voice of the wild Deer, whether in crying out for help, or calling to them to draw near, or keep farther off. And thus he lived amongſt them as one of them; and now being about 7 years old, he began to obſerve that others had Horns, and were of a different Shape and Make from himſelf; that they had Hair and Tail to cover their privy Parts, he began to be aſham'd of his own Nakedneſs, and ſo ſowed broad Leaves together to hide it; making himſelf a Girdle of Palm-Tree Leaves and Ruſhes to girt about him, he likewiſe made him a Staff to beat off any of the Deer that oppoſe'd him, ſeeing he had no Horns as they had, and in proceſs of Time found out a Method to girdle himſelf with part of the Skins or Tails of the dead wild Beaſts; but ſeeing the living Beaſts of the ſame kind, ſhun'd the

Carcasses of the dead, not coming near them; and that it wou'd not answer his Design on purpose, he at length found a dead Eagle, with whose Skin, Wings, Feathers and Tail he made a shift to cover himself before and behind, which kept him warm, and frighten'd the rest of his Company; so that none of the wild Beasts durst come near him, except the Roe his Nurse, who never forsook him; and he likewise took care to Conduct her to the best Pasturage he could find; when she grew old he brought her the very best and pleasantest Fruits to eat, till at length she dy'd, which he was much amazed and troubled at, not knowing what Death meant, and calling to her in the same Voice as he used, when she always (at hearing) answer'd; he cryed out as loud as he could, but perceived no Motion in her, so that he began to look in her Eyes and Ears, but all was in vain; and having viewed all her Body, and finding no hurt or blemish, cut her open to the very Heart, searching and examining the occasion; till at last he was forced to give over and leave her: But, one day espying two Ravens a fighting, till the one of them kill'd the other, he see the Victor began to scratch a Hole in the Earth with its Claws, till it was big enough to put it in, which it did; and from thence he thought in himself as that had been so generous as even to bury or hide its Adversary, much more wou'd it become him to bury her that had been so kind to him to bring him up, and therefore went back and dug a hole for the Carcase of the Roe, which was already begun to putrify and stink, and cover'd it over with Earth. After this he followed the rest of the Deer, and began to contemplate on the divers kinds of Animals and Plants, walking about every where to find out a Creature like himself, but could not, and finding the Island compassed about with Water every where, he concluded there was no other Land besides; but at length a Fire broke out in a certain dry Wood, which happen'd to kindle by the beating and knocking together of some *Gummi Rosini* Boughs, with the heat of the Sun: This at first did some-

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what affright him (having never ſeen any ſuch thing before) but ſtanding a good while wondering at it, he began to draw nearer by degrees, and obſerving its glittering Light and wonderful great Force, burning every thing it touched into its own likeneſs, he put his Hand to it, but found it too hot to hold, ſo lets go his hold, having burnt his Fingers; but yet, ſeeing a Bough not all burnt up, tho' on Fire, he ventures to ſnatch it away, and brought it burning to his Habitation, reſolving it ſhou'd not go out, and fed it continually with fuel of Wood and the like; for he found it ſupply'd the Office of the Sun in the Night for Light and Heat; ſo that he lookt upon it as the moſt uſeful thing he had about him, he found it prevailed upon all Bodies thrown into it: And among many other Experiments, he try'd it with Fiſh caſt up by the Sea, which being broiled or fryed, ſmelt ſo well, that he ventured to eat of it, which finding to be good and agreeable Victuals, from thence forwards continued to eat fleſh Meat, uſing and inventing all ſorts of Methods to catch ſuch living Creatures as he thought fit to feed on both by Land and Sea, in Hunting, or otherwiſe, wherein he became expert. and was mightily taken with the Fire, in regard, by its help he got variety of good Food, which before he knew nothing of. Hence was it that he began to draw ſeveral Concluſions relating to Heat, as Fire; and that every Animal had more or leſs ſomething of a fiery or hot vital Diſpoſition in it, without which he concluded Life could not ſubſiſt, and his Obſervations and Meditations hereupon improved his Knowledge and Parts in many things; ſo that in the compaſs of 20 years he found out many things neceſſary for Life: Cloathing himſelf with wild Skins, and making his Shoes thereof, and Thread of the Hair; as alſo of the kind of all Sea hemp, and ſuch like Plants. His Bodkins, or Awls he made of ſtrong Thorns and pieces of Cane, ſharping the points with Stones. Building he learnt from the Swallows building their Neſts: Birds of Prey he uſed for Hawks, and others of a tamer ſort he bred up and

eat their Eggs and young Ones: The tip Ends of wild Beasts Horns he put upon Canes or Staffs Ends, and with the Fire and sharp Stones made them sharp in Service for Spears, and for a Shield he folded the Skins of Beasts for his Defence, seeing himself without natural Defence, making up by his Ingenuity the Defects as it were of Nature; so that none of the wild Beasts durst oppose him: But finding they were too nimble on Foot for him, he began to study some Way or Method to answer that, and therefore thought in himself there could not be a better Conveniency for it than by taming some of the swifteſt sort of wild Beasts, which by good management and suitable feeding, might be made so tractable as to ride upon; and so therewith might chase or pursue other wild Beasts. For this purpose this Island was provided of several sorts of wild Creatures, such as wild Asses and wild Horses, which answered so well, that chusing the fitteſt for his purpose, he did by degrees make them so gentle and tractable, that they answered his Expectation to his Wishes; then out of the Skins he cut Thongs for Bridles, and made the Skins likewise serve for Saddles, all which useful Arts and Devices he studied and found out in the space of about 21 years. After this he began in Contemplation to dive farther into the Reason, Nature, Qualities and various Motions, Causes, Effects and Virtues of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Stones, Earth, Water, Exhalations, Vapours, Ice, Snow, Hail, Smoak, Fire and Frost, wherein he found such Diversity and Variety as put him on very serious Cogitations, and took up a considerable part of his time to contemplate thereon; insomuch, that he became, in fine, experienced in most kinds of Sciences, both Natural, Moral and Divine, that by the time he arrived at the age of 35 years, he seemed a very great Philosopher, and had such an Apprehension of the Deity and a Supream Being, as made him conclude all other Beings much inferiour to it, which afforded Matter of greateſt Study, Delight and Satisfaction to contemplate thereupon, because thereby he found all other

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Matters and Existences did universally depend upon, and were subservient thereto: he turned his Contemplations aside from secular Beings to that of Divine; wherein indeed, having made so great a Proficiency in both of them, we shall now leave the farther Prosecution of those various Enquiries and Contemplations, which he had busied himself in till he was about 50 years old: And then we find he (by a particular Act of Providence) happened into Company of one *Asal*, an Account of whose meeting we shall endeavour to give you in the Sequel.

It is reported, there was an Island not far from that wherein *Josephus* was born, which Island it is said, a certain Sect of People betook themselves to live in, who had one of the pious Prophets of old for their Patron or Author; which Sect did express and make known all real Existencies in Nature, by apt and fit Similitudes of Things, thereby representing their Images to Fancy, and fixing their Impressions in Men's Minds, as in vulgar Discourses is frequently used. This Sect we find grew famous in that Island, spreading it self abroad, and prevailing so far, that even the King himself not only did embrace it, but also constrained others thereto. In this Island, you must know, two pious and virtuous Men were born, true lovers of what is good, the one *Salaman* by Name, and the other *Asal*, who adhered to this Sect after the best and most perfect manner, daily observing all its Precepts, and doing such Acts as were required by it; For the same purpose they contract a mutual great Friendship; and among several other Passages contained in the Law of that Sect, their Enquiry was made into the Descriptions, or Attributes of the Deity and his Angels; as also of a Resurrection and future Rewards and Punishments. Now whilst busie in such Scrutinies and Enquiries, *Asal* search'd further into the very inmost Nature of Things, and into the Mystical Senses of Words, being very diligent about Explaining and Interpreting them: His Friend *Salaman* chiefly observ'd the outside and visible part of the

the Law as it at first sight appeared, abstaining from all curious Interpretations, Examinations, and Speculations of Matters. They were both of them diligent observers of all External Works required by the Law, making their Reason a Rule whereby to act, constantly fighting and contending against their unruly Passions and inordinate Affections: But whereas that their Law seem'd to Encourage Men to affect Solitude, or a Solitary Life, as if Happiness and Salvation consists in such a State; as also again on the other-side, seemed to exhort Men unto Civil Acquaintance and Fellowship, and apply themselves to Humane Society, as a means to drive away Evil Thoughts, and banish that Diversity of Opinions in the Mind: But the Difference of their Opinions in that Matter grew so great, that they parted upon it. Now whereas *Asal* had heard of that Island which we have already mentioned that *Yosephus* was bred up in, and withal knowing the Fertility and Conveniencies of it, and its healthful temperate Air, which won'd make such a suitable Retirement as he wish'd for, resolved to go thither, and withdraw from all Humane Society for the rest of his Life; and having gathered all his Substance together, hires a Ship with part of it to carry him to that Island, giving the rest in Charity to the Poor, and taking leave of his old Friend *Salaman*, to Sea he went, and the Ship arriving in a short time at the said Island, as soon as they could get him on Shore they left him and departed. Thus *Asal* was left alone in the Island, serving and magnifying God, and meditating on his glorious Name and Attributes, having neither his Mind nor Thoughts interrupted or disturbed: When he was Hungry he took of the Fruits of the Island, or of what he got by Hunting, in which State he continued a while, enjoying the greatest Pleasure and Tranquility of Mind imaginable, from the uninterrupted Conversation he had with his Lord; daily experiencing his Favours and good Providence in supplying him with the Necessaries of Life to his greatest Comfort.

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Now thus exercised was *Josephus* in his high and Heavenly Speculations, that he went not out of his Cell above once a Week to get his Food, which was the Reason that *Asal* did not so soon see him; for having walked round the bounds of the Island, and perceiving no Footsteps of any Person, his Joy was much encreased at it, obtaining his desire of a Solitary Retirement, which he had sought after so earnestly. But at last it fell out so, that *Josephus* went out of his Cell for Food, and *Asal* being near it, they happened to espy one-another: As for *Asal*, he doubted not but the Person he saw was one that had devoted himself to a Solitary Life like himself, and therefore was afraid, by meeting him or being made known to him, he shou'd disturb him in that State and Condition of Life: But as for *Josephus*, he knew not what to make of the sight of *Asal*, being he was of a different Shape from the other Creatures he had seen before; and withal by his being clad with a black Coat made of Hair and Wool, which he took for some Natural kind of covering, stood a long time wondering what it shou'd be, upon which *Asal* turns about and fled least he should divert his Attention in what he seemed so busied; but *Josephus* followed him to know the truth of the matter, yet seeing *Asal* ran away as fast as he could, he stopt and withdrew, hiding himself from him, so that *Asal* thought he was quite gone off, and therefore began (as customary) to Pray and Read, with weeping Supplications and Complaints, till these Exercises had wholly diverted him from minding any other thing. In the mean while, *Josephus* draws nearer, unperceived by *Asal*, till he could hear his Reading and see his humble Gesture, and the knocking of his Breast, which Voice seemed pleasant, having never seen nor heard the like before from any Animal; then observing the form of his Body, see it the same Shape of his own, and that his Coat was not his own natural Skin, but borrowed somewhere, like as his own was; therefore being desirous to be acquainted with him,

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drew yet nearer, till *Asal* perceiving it, betook himself to his Heels, but *Josephus* pursued him (being swift of Foot) soon overtook him, seized him and held him that he could not get from him. Now *Asal* seeing him clothed with the hairy Skins of Beasts, and the Hair of his Head so long, that it covered great part of his Body, and that he was so swift of Foot and so strong of Body, was very much afraid of him, and sought to appease him, gently stroaking him, adding kind and humble Entreaties; of all which *Josephus* did not know the meaning, but observing signs of Fear on him, did all he could to allay that Fear, by such sort of Voices as he had learnt from Brute-Beasts; he also gently stroak'd his Head and Neck, caressing him with such kind Looks and Gestures, which plainly show'd so much Joy and Gladness, as did banish all *Asal*'s Fears away, and fully convinc'd him there was no harm at all intended.

Now *Asal* being desirous of the Knowledge of Things, had long before this learnt most Languages, and therefore began to ask him of his Circumstances and Condition in every Language he knew, to make him sensible of what he said to him, but it was all in vain: On the other-hand *Josephus* took notice of every thing, but wondred at what he heard, tho' ignorant of the meaning of it; he perceived *Asal*'s Countenance serene, as a manifest Sign of Good-will to him; and thus they were amazed at each others Condition. Afterwards, *Asal* having yet some Remains of the Food he had brought from the Island he lately dwelt in, offers them to *Josephus*, who knew not what it was, having never seen any such Food before; but after much Entreaty, and not willing to disoblige *Asal*, at last did taste some of it, and thought it pleasant Meat; but reflecting he had broken his Resolution taken before concerning Food, repented of it, and thought to have withdrawn himself to his former State of Divine Speculation,

lation, but minded to be informed of *Asal*'s Condition, chose to stay with him; and *Asal* seeing he could not speak at all, thought it a meritorious Act to teach him to speak if possible; and then begun with shewing the particular Things he was to Name, repeating their Names over and over again; at length by degrees improv'd him so far as to speak his Mind: Then began *Asal* to Question him of his Condition, and how, and from whence he came into the Island, which now *Josephus* was able to tell him he neither knew his Original, nor Family, except the Roe that had nurst him up as before-said, declaring to him the whole Series of his Life, and what Progress he had made in the Discovery and Knowledge of God and other secular Matters, which hearing with great Satisfaction, he began mightily to value, admire, and reverence him for his great Parts and Proficiencies, and taking him for some Saint of God, resolved to wait on him on all occasions. Then *Josephus* desired him to let him know from whence he came, and his Condition of Life; which *Asal* describing to him, and the Island from whence he came; that amongst the Inhabitants was a Religious Sect, explaining their Laws touching a Divine World of *Paradise*, and the Fire of *Gehenna*, of a Resurrection of Mankind, and their Judgments, and Accounts of all their Actions: All which *Josephus* very well knowing already, thought agreeable with what he had seen in his sublime Contemplations, therefore thought him a Messenger from God; believing and owning what he had now said to be Truth. Then asking him of the Precepts deliver'd by God's Messenger, *Asal* declar'd them to him; namely, Prayer, Alms, Fasting, and suchike External Works, which *Josephus* believ'd true, and embraced: Yet two Things stuck in his Mind, *viz.* That most Divine Things were deliver'd by Parables and Similitudes; waving a plain and perspicuous Explication of them, whereby many Men are apt to Mi-

Mistake and Err; asserting a Corporeity of God, and believing somewhat of the Essence, which is false and far from it; as likewise concerning future Rewards and Punishments. The other was, that he proceeded no farther than those Precepts and Rites of Worship, permitting Men to seek after Riches, and enjoy a Liberty as to Food, whereby they vainly busied themselves about such vain Things, turning from the Truth: Whereas his Opinion was, that no more, nor no other sort of Food ought to be taken by any one but such, and so much as would sustain Life: And as for Riches, he thought them invaluable; for as to trading with Riches, Usury, Mulcts and Punishments, these likewise seemed strange and superfluous to him, saying, If Men would truly judge of Matters, they wou'd forsake those vain Things, and follow Truth: Neither wou'd Men claim such property in Riches, as to exact a Debt; or cut off that Hand that stole them; or take away the Lives of them that robb'd him of them. Such were his Thoughts, and the Reason why, was; he judged all Men endued with an ingenious Principle and Disposition, a quick Understanding and Constancy of Mind to it self; not knowing how ignorant, how ill-advised, and how unconstant in Resolutions they are, more like Brutes, and more apt than they to wander out of that way which the Law of Nature has directed to walk in. He having therefore a great deal of pity towards Mankind, and being very desirous of their Good and Welfare, resolved to go over to them, to unfold and declare the Truth of Things to them; which making known to his Companion *Asal*, asked him if he could contrive a way to get over to them: But though *Asal* to[illegible]im how averse they were to God's Commands, yet he could not believe it, hoping to be able to effect it. *Asal*, indeed, was very desirous that God by his means wou'd direct some of his Acquaintance and Companions in the right Way; and being ready to further

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Josephus's good Design, they both went to the Sea-shore, designing not to depart thence till it shou'd please God to give them Opportunity to cross the Sea; and making their Prayers to God for it, it so happened, that the Winds and Waves drove a certain Vessel on that their Shore, and they in the Ship seeing two Men upon the Shore, made towards them; and *Asal* calling to them, desir'd them to carry him and his Companion over with them, which they consenting to, took them on board, and it pleased God to give them a speedy and safe Passage to the Island they desired; where soon after they Landed. *Asal*'s Friends flock'd to him, and he telling them of *Josephus*'s State and Condition, they were mighty desirous to talk with him: Then *Asal* telling him those Islanders were of that Sect which exceeded all the others in Knowledge and sharp Apprehension; so that if he were not able to Learn and Instruct them in the Truth, much less would he be able to reach the Vulgar. Now *Salaman*, *Asal*'s Friend, was Sovereign of this Island, who thought Humane Society the best, and Solitude unwarrantable, therefore *Josephus* began to unfold the Mysteries of Wisdom to them; and when in his Discourse he advanced but a little beyond what was settled and rooted in their Minds, they withdrew from him, abhorring his Doctrine; conceiving an inward Hatred against him, though seemingly they honoured and respected him (as being a Stranger) in respect of his Companion *Asal*. But *Josephus* perceiving his Advice to be lost on them, that their chiefest delight was in what they [illegible] present possest, chusing their Lusts for their God, gathering the empty, worthless, trifling Vanities of the World, and that neither Reproof nor Advice could Influence them, but wou'd obstinately adhere to their own Sentiments, excepting

cepting a very few of them. After a courteous Leave taken of their Prince *Salaman* and the Islanders, he and *Asal* returned to their Desart-Island as soon as they could, whither (when they were safe gotten) *Josephus* betook himself to his former sublime State of Speculation; and *Asal* (as far as he could attain) followed his Example, both worshipping God there, till Death seized them both.

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FINIS.